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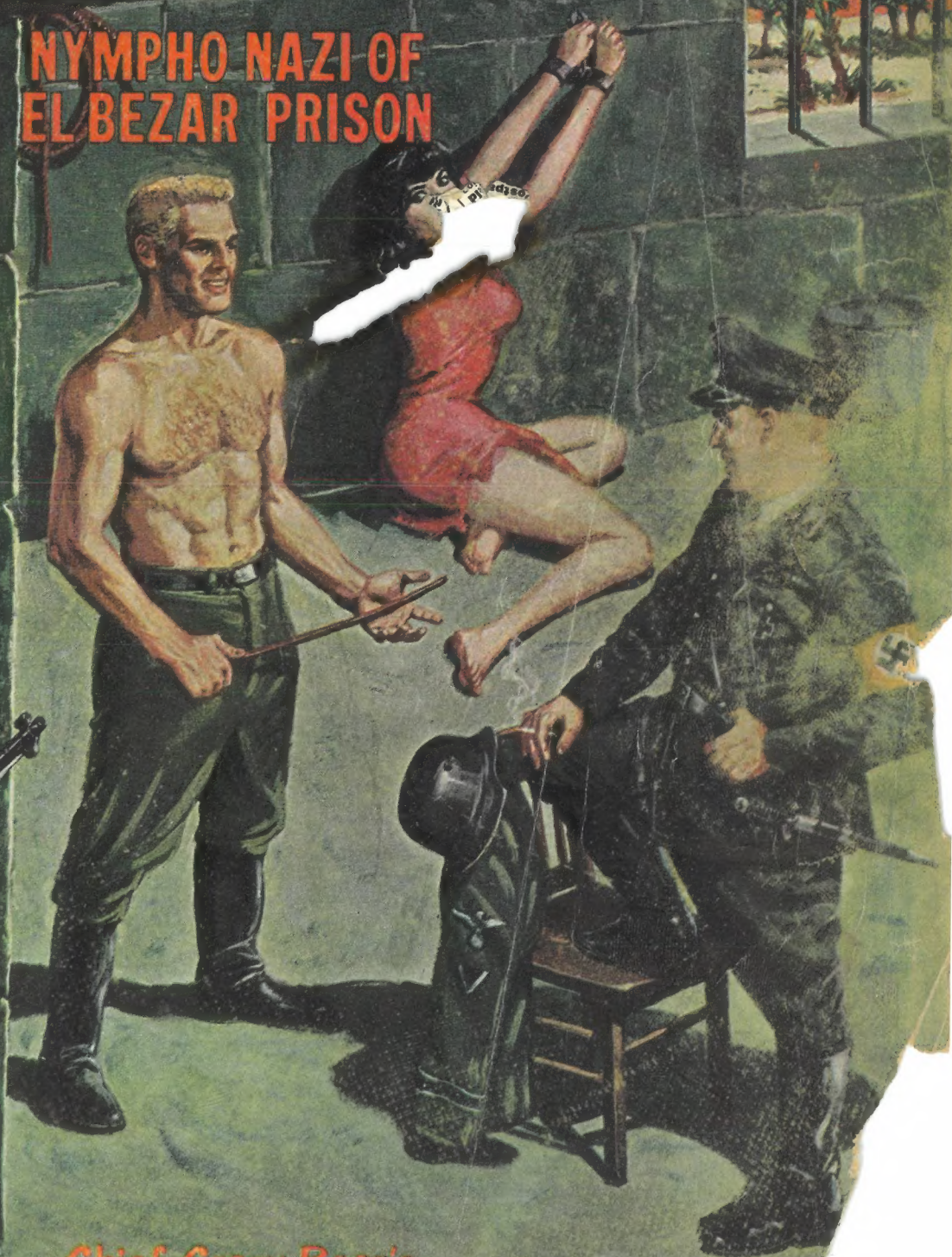
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WILDCAT

ADVENTURES

JANUARY 1960



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VALUE

These are the 35 ingredients in every Jenasol Capsule:
COMPARE...FOR POTENCY, PURITY & PRICE!

ROYAL JELLY 50 Mgm.	Calcium 65 Mgm.
Choline 35 Mgm.	Phosphorus 50 Mgm.
Bitartrate 15 Mgm.	Rutin 5 Mgm.
Inositol 10 Mgm.	Vitamin B ₁₂ 2 Mgm.
d-Methionine 10 Mgm.	Iron 1 Mgm.
Glutamic Acid 5 Mgm.	Liver, Desic. 5 Mgm.
Lemon Bioflavonoid 5 Mgm.	Potassium 5 Mgm.
Complex 5 Mgm.	Foline 50 Mgm.
Vitamin A 12,500 USP units	Copper 100 Mgm.
Vitamin B 1,000 USP Units	Molybdenum 100 Mgm.
Vitamin C 75 Mgm.	Zinc 100 Mgm.
Vitamin B ₁ 10 Mgm.	Cobalt 250 Mgm.
Vitamin B ₂ 5 Mgm.	Yeast 10 Mgm.
Vitamin B ₆ 5 Mgm.	Hydrolyzate 10 Mgm.
Vitamin E 1 I.U.	Biotin 5 Mgm.
Niacinamide 40 Mgm.	Sodium 0.5 Mgm.
Calcium 40 Mgm.	Soya Bean 25 Mgm.
Pantothenate 4 Mgm.	Leucine 5 Mgm.
Folic Acid 0.5 Mgm.	Wheat Germ Oil 5 Mgm.
	Magnesium 3 Mgm.
	Manganese 0.1 Mgm.



Doctors Report "Miracle" Royal Jelly May Change Your Whole Life!

How would you like to awaken one morning and find yourself possessed with a marvelous sense of "well-being," full of New Pep and Vitality? Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could feel increased vigor and enjoy a "new lease on life?" Now... Scientists say this may happen to you!

Royal Jelly May Mean "New Life" After 40

Reports from Europe tell of an 80 year old Gentleman whose physical condition would make a 50 year old envious. The man regularly partakes of Royal Jelly. According to a book published in England, when Russian Officials sent questionnaires to all the Centenarians (people over 100 years old) in the Soviet Union, more than half of them turned out to be beekeepers.

From France and Germany come amazing Scientific Reports of outstanding results obtained with Royal Jelly. One French Authority writes of women over 40 feeling increased sexual vitality and of a wonderful feeling of "youth and well-being" that resulted from continued use of Royal Jelly.

At this moment, in Leading Universities, Scientists and Nutritionists and Medical Doctors are doing extensive work to determine the exact role that Royal Jelly may play in Your Sex Life, Your Health and Your Emotional Condition. These researchers are especially interested in its effects on those who have passed middle age. They are working on Royal Jelly because this rare NATURAL FOOD has been indicated to contain remarkable Energy and Sex Factors.

Doctor Paul Niehans, famous Swiss Surgeon and experimenter with Hormones says: "ROYAL JELLY is an activator of the glands"... Dr. Niehans discovered that many minor disabilities which bother millions of people such as tiredness, irritability, headaches, insomnia, physical and spiritual convulsions, were easy to treat with the Cellular Therapeutics of the Secretion of the bees which we call Royal Jelly.

See How JENASOL Capsules May Help You!

Swallow one CONCENTRATED JENASOL RJ FORMULA 50 capsule daily. They combine 35 vitamins and minerals as well as the miracle food of the Queen Bee. This capsule dissolves instantly, releasing the super forces of Royal Jelly which go to work immediately and reinforce and healthfully strengthens your own natural functions which may have become deficient.

TRANQUILITY AND BLESSED RELIEF MAY AWAIT THE ROYAL JELLY USER

Here Are Some of the Symptoms of Approaching Old Age which Make Men and Women over 35 feel devitalized and "played out" before their time:
PHYSICALLY, MENTALLY AND EMOTIONALLY • "Human Dynamos" slow down • Dizziness • Weak feeling • Vague aches and pains • Listless, "don't care attitude" • Lacks recuperating power • Fatigues easily • Fails to get rest from sleep • Sexual weakness • Loss of mental efficiency and ability • Unable to make simple decisions • Can't concentrate • Nervousness • Tense feeling • Moodiness • Lack of emotional control • Loss of interest in work • Loss of self-confidence • Feeling of futility • Worries needlessly • Fear of future • Insecurity • Failing memory • No zest for life • Difficult to get along with • Embarrassed

Now You May Benefit from ROYAL JELLY... the "ELIXIR OF YOUTH" of the Queen Bee

Two years ago, the world-famous French Nutrition Expert, Bernard Desouches wrote a book praising Royal Jelly as a Life Prolonger and Extraordinary Stimulator of Sexual Virility of the Queen Bee.

The Best Laboratories of Europe gave the Doctors of the 2nd International Congress of Biogenetics a great surprise when they confessed that their famous Medical Cream for the skin was prepared with Royal Jelly. The Doctors all knew that with this cream sagging breasts were raised and mammary glands of women were activated.

ROYAL JELLY Wins Approval Before Congress* of 5,000 Doctors

The men of Medical Science who have experimented with Royal Jelly, claim that Royal Jelly will perform the function of INCREASING MEN & WOMEN'S WANING POWERS.

Jenasol R. J. Formula 50, in the opinion of these reputable physicians removes any possible danger for the layman in the use of these powerful, concentrated nutritional extracts. This is the latest and possibly the greatest advance in the history of Medical Science. This combination, created under the strict supervision of a Registered, Licensed Pharmacist, and Medical Doctor, named "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50," makes the use of these amazing elements perfectly safe.

Every man and woman who feels "old" and "played out" before their time should seriously consider the use of "Jenasol R. J. Formula 50" to increase their pep and energy.

Dr. De Pomiane, 80-year-old French Scientist and the Senior among the Physicians and Biochemists attending the Congress, said the Bee Secretion might have been known to Ancient Indians, Greeks and Romans, and might have been the "food for the Gods" or "Nektar" mentioned in the Mythology of these Countries..

Royal Jelly Reported to Help Those Suffering From:

Mental Depression... Loss of Appetite... Sexual Weakness... Digestive Disturbances... Headaches... Decreased Vigor... Nervousness... Aches and Pains... Irritability.

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Formula 50
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We feel that JENASOL may be the blessing you have been seeking, that we offer it to you on a complete NO RISK, Money Back Guarantee. Take one JENASOL CAPSULE each day. Then if you are not completely satisfied they have helped you to feel younger, to enjoy sounder sleep, to have a calmer disposition, and to lead a fuller, more enjoyable life, your money will be refunded, promptly and without question. Simply return the empty bottle and your JENASOL CAPSULES have cost you nothing. What could be fairer? You try JENASOL at our expense, and you are the only judge of their effectiveness. You must be thrilled with the wonderful results. BUT THIS OFFER IS NECESSARILY LIMITED as the supply of Royal Jelly is, each day, in GREATER DEMAND (ROYAL JELLY is a completely NATURAL PRODUCT, hence only limited quantities can be allocated to JENASOL.)

Don't delay... Get started immediately using this "MIRACLE" NATURAL FOOD that may help you feel good again... that may lead you to enjoy a new "lease on life."



Offices in: Canada, Germany, Hawaii,
Puerto Rico, Haiti, Cuba, Japan.



**DOCTORS: Write on your
letterhead for Clinical Samples**

Observations by Doctors of the Medical Congress Who Took Royal Jelly and Observed its Use Directly



• Royal Jelly alleviates suffering of men and women in their critical years in a sensational manner.

• Royal Jelly acts on weakened, tired eyes, giving instantly a sensation of new light.

• Feeling of tiredness disappears immediately.

• Royal Jelly gives a feeling of increased sexual drive and energy, especially to men and women over 40.

• Glandular studies may lead to new hope for men and women.

• Royal Jelly produces a pleasing state of relaxed well-being and eases tension.

DISCOVERER OF INSULIN Dr. Frederick Banting

"The most complete Scientific Report on Royal Jelly was prepared under the direction of Dr. Frederick Banting.

"TEXAS A & M COLLEGE has been conducting experiments on Royal Jelly..."
"PROFESSOR G. F. TOWNSEND of ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE is resuming research on Royal Jelly..."

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Royal Jelly is totally unlike honey, and has baffled scientists since the 1700's. In 1894, some of the mystery was dispelled when Leonard Bordes, a French scientist, discovered that Royal Jelly is secreted by special glands located in the heads of worker bees whose job it is to nurse the Queen.

Intrigued by the strange longevity and extraordinary sexual powers of the Queen Bee, leading scientists have been trying to discover the Secret Factor in Royal Jelly that so benefits the Queen Bee.

It is not surprising that Royal Jelly has attracted Medical Attention throughout the world... Here is the substance, the sole diet of the Queen Bee in which lies the secret of the difference between her and the rest of the hive. For the Queen lives to 6 years, whereas the 20 to 40 thousand worker bees and the few hundred drones live but a few short months. The Queen Bee larva looks like all the rest, including those of the female worker bees. But only SHE is fertile, producing some 400,000 eggs annually.

Her food is ROYAL JELLY, secreted from the glands of the worker bees. The ingredients are nectar and pollen, plus honey, combined in a mysterious way by Nature to make up the "miracle food" ROYAL JELLY...

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ALL ORDERS RUSHED IN PLAIN WRAPPER



"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. E-9311, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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Here is a preview of our lineup of International Beauties contained in this issue of WILDCAT, your magazine of high adventure and exciting stories from all over the world. We believe that everyone's taste is just a bit different from the next fellow's and we are trying here to give you something for everyone. These gorgeous gals are the pick of the world's loveliest.

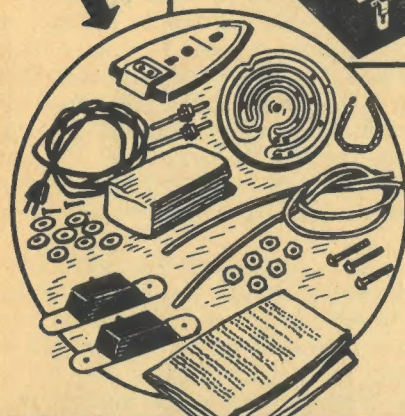
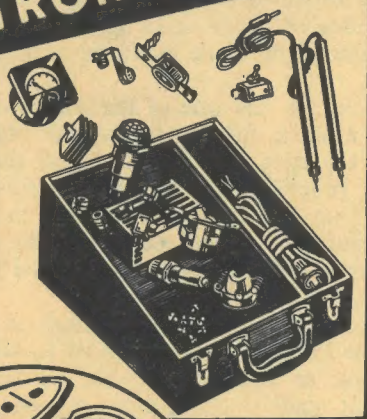


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MAN AT ARMS

by
M. A. Clyde

One of the most deadly and feared weapons of all time has been the sabre with its slightly curved tip and its razor sharp edge.

"I WAS STILL that grey hour before dawn when I followed Luis through the forest and into the clearing. We had left his heavy black car at the hut of a peasant some distance away so as not to arouse suspicion. I knew that in another forty-five minutes or an hour the sun would be up and then it would be too late.

"Luis," I said to my tall young friend who was carrying the weapons loosely wrapped in soft chamois under his arm. "Luis, are you still certain that you want to go through with this?"

"Luis looked at me with contempt. 'You do not want to be my second then?' he asked softly.

"No, no," I said quickly, although I was lying at least a little bit. "That is not what I mean."

"The surgeon, Ramirez, who had been standing in the shadow at the edge of the clearing came forward. Like Luis and myself he, too, was dressed conventionally in black. 'Gentlemen, this is madness,' he said.

"You have your instruments?" Luis said.

"They are prepared," Ramirez said heavily.

"Then Alfieri marched into the clearing—he did not walk, he marched, followed by his second. Alfieri was twice Luis' age, a short heavy man with quite grey hair, but he looked like he was in excellent physical condition. He nodded shortly to the surgeon and then began to take off his coat and tie.

"I took his second to one side and asked, 'He still wishes to go through with it?'

"But, of course. It is a matter of honor."

"I went back to Luis and helped him off with his coat. He loosened the collar of the white shirt he was wearing and rolled up his sleeve. 'Give him first choice of the weapons,' he told me.

"I unwrapped the sabers and carried them across the clearing to Alfieri and his second and offered him his choice. He picked the one nearest him and swished the heavy blade through the air. Satisfied, he nodded to me. I carried the remaining sabre back to Luis. It was the standard blade such as we use in the Olympic games but I had sat up all night before removing the button from the tip and sharpening what had once been a dull and harmless blade into something very much like a razor.

"The duelists advanced to the center of the clearing, saluted each other formally, and at the surgeon's command Alfieri immediately lunged for Luis' head but Luis met the thrust with a high parry, holding his blade at right angles to Alfieri's."

The foregoing is an excerpt from a letter written to me by a friend of mine, a swordsman of note who has competed in the Olympic games, who this past summer was visiting in a Spanish speaking country. Although duels are now illegal they are still fought in secret. The duelists of course break the law and are subject to fine and imprisonment if caught.

The weapons that they used in this encounter were modern sabers—total weight 18 ounces, total length 41 1/4 inches. The blade itself must not be longer than 34 5/8 inches and the guard must be able to pass through a rectangle 5 7/8 inches by 5 1/2 inches. In sabre fencing all movements are made from the elbow, not the wrist, and the cutting edge of the weapon is used more than the point of the blade.

THE SABER HAS A LONG HISTORY and oddly enough it was the invention and use of gunpowder that brought about the invention of the sabre. Until the invention of gunpowder the knight on horseback could rely on his armor for defense. But gunpowder changed that and the armor was dispensed with since it was useless. Until that time the knight had carried a heavy two-handed sword, and gradually it became apparent that while the heavy edge of that blade was deadly, the sharp point of a lighter blade was even more deadly. The sharp edge of the two handed sword was mated to the curved oriental blades of those times and the marriage resulted in the sabre—the blade could be used to cut, the point to thrust.

The sabre is still one of the three weapons that are used in modern fencing today, the other two are the foil and the epee. The foil is a light thrusting weapon, ideal for practice. The epee is a duelling sword and it evolved from the light side weapon that all gentlemen carried during the 18th century. The modern epee is triangular in cross section and like the foil has become a piercing and thrusting weapon.

The idea of duelling seems barbaric to most of us now, but at one time it was used mostly to settle judicial disputes. Out of that evolved the gentleman's code of ethics that made duelling more popular in France than anywhere else in the world. It has been estimated that in the years 1601 to 1609 more than 2,000 men of noble birth were felled in duels. There were many edicts passed against duelling, the last on April 12, 1723, but even today in some countries of the world disputes are still settled by man-to-man combat as my friend's letter tells us:

"It was obvious to me from the first that while Luis was an excellent swordsman he was no match for the mad bull-like rushes of Alfieri. The shorter heavier man disregarded all the fine points of the art and rushed in slashing furiously. Luis continued to parry the blows until they were both dripping with sweat and panting like animals.

"Then it happened. Alfieri beat down Luis' guard and his blade suddenly bit into Luis shoulder. Bright red blood appeared on his shirt, the sabre fell from his hand, and he collapsed. Alfieri instantly stepped back the insult to his honor wiped clean by Luis' wound.

"I dropped to one knee. 'Luis, are you in pain?'

"His face was white but he looked at me and smiled. 'No, why should I be? I acted honorably.'"

How Close to Divorce Have You Come?

YOU may never know the answer to that question. You may never suspect that your wife was even thinking of such a serious thing. But stop and think for a moment, "What are the three things that she really expects from you, her husband?" The answer must be love, companionship and financial security.

Ask yourself this question honestly now: Are you giving your wife the companionship she craves? Do you feel your best — are you fully alert, and able to endure the daily stress and strain of your job?

If you haven't the pep and vitality you'd like to have, if you feel all "worn out" after a day's work, if you lack enough energy for both work and play then watch out! You may be suffering from an easily corrected nutritional deficiency in your diet, and something should be done about it!

Thousands of otherwise normally healthy people who once felt worn out, weak and nervous because their diets did not contain enough vitamins, minerals and lipotropic factors have been helped by the famous Vitasafe Plan. If you would like to discover whether this safe, high-potency nutritional supplement can help you too, just mail the coupon for a trial 30-day supply on the amazing no-risk offer described below. You owe it to yourself to find out — before it is too late — whether this amazing Plan can help increase your pep and energy!



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MY ORDEAL OF THE MARLIN MADNESS

by
JAMES HENRY

I was exhausted and my muscles were cramping as I fought the monster fish. Then the barracuda and the storm struck. . . .

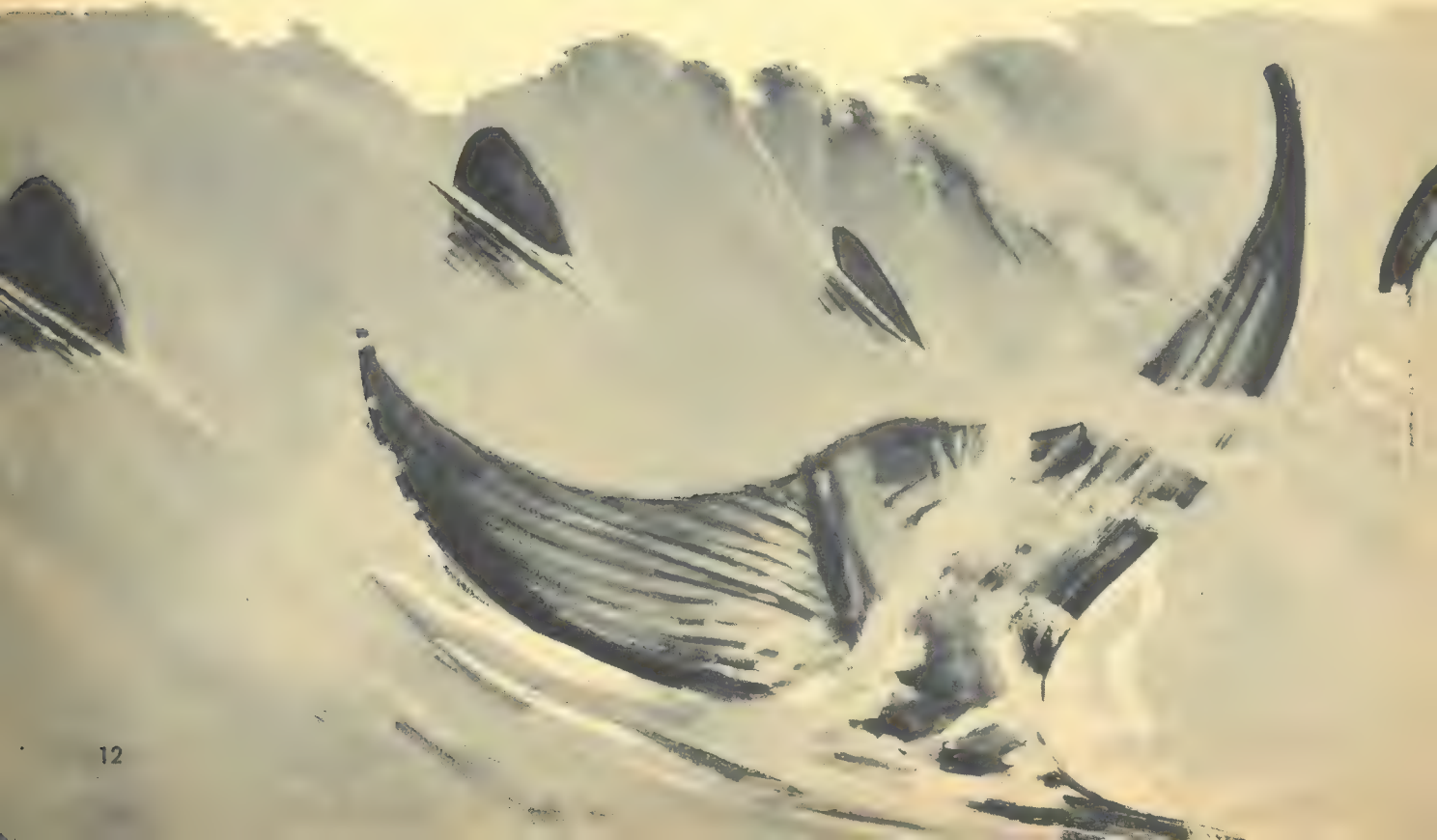
THE MARLIN STRUCK with such force that it nearly jerked my arms from their sockets and me from the skiff into the warm waters off the coast of Florida. The skiff began to move through the water, going out to sea, as the marlin tore the line from the screaming reel. The skiff moved faster and faster as I hung onto the rod with all my strength.

It was only a short time before we were out of sight of land and I knew I had a monster on my line. I saw him jump and fall back into the sea with a great splash of spray and foam. My heart beat with excitement for it was a big one, going perhaps fifteen or sixteen feet. Maybe big enough to win the fifteen hundred dollars I

needed so desperately. I hung onto the rod bracing myself against the pull. I was letting him run until he became tired but I had a terrible fight ahead of me.

The great fish kept going and I knew we were miles from shore. He seemed headed full blast for Cuba without even hesitating and the skiff was cutting through the water as if the outboard were running full speed. It was eerie to see the boat move so fast without the sound of the outboard. The water spumed and hissed as the skiff cut through it. My back and arms were growing very tired and the muscles were rigid with tension. Weariness was in me like lead.

As the sun climbed into the noon sky, it became a



*The huge marlin flung himself from the water
and I felt his bill rip through my flesh. . . .*



hazy brassy ball without much warmth in it and a halo formed around it. A storm was brewing and it wouldn't be long getting here. The marlin kept going strong but not jumping so often now. It was a steady pull and I thought I wouldn't be able to hang on much longer without something to help me. My hands were so tired I could hardly unclasp them from the rod.

I grasped the butt of the rod with my knees and forced one hand to let go. It was stiff and cramped and I had to flex it for several minutes to get the circulation back into it. When I did, I worked the other hand to get it so I could use it. It was a constant struggle against stiffness and painful cramps to keep hanging onto the fish. He kept going continuously and steady and though he was taking some line out all the time, I had the drag on and it was much slower going out until I had it stopped completely at last. He was now dragging the boat through the water and I was losing no line.

IF THERE WERE only something I could loop the line around so it would take some of the strain off me. I looked for something but I found nothing except the bolt which held the mooring chain and I was afraid it was too rough and would cut the line. I didn't dare use it so I simply held on. It was a gruelling strain and I was bone weary when the marlin started to slow down. I let him go as long as he would, so he would wear himself out. As the boat slowed to a standstill, I began to reel in what line I could get. It was torturous work and my muscles screamed with pain with each movement until I could get them limbered up again.

I had only gained a few yards when the marlin took off and I was struggling to hold the rod again. Over and over we fought this fight until I had gained about half my line back and the fish was getting tired. I was slowly winning the fight but my strength was going too and I didn't know how long I could last. I had to keep moving.

As I sat panting with my legs braced against the pull, I felt a drop of rain strike my face and I looked up. The sun was completely gone and the clouds were low and moving fast. They were dark and ugly and I knew there was wind in them. The sea was growing restless and choppy and I suddenly realized I didn't know in which direction land was. Panic shot through me and froze by blood for a moment. I knew that I had to let the fish go or be caught in the storm. I simply

couldn't bear to let the marlin get away so I chose to chance the oncoming storm.

I began to reel in frantically and again the marlin took a run for it. I held my own and even gained a few yards of line on this short run and then I had it mostly my way for a while. I had regained most of my line and the great fish was close to being gaffed.

That was when the barracuda attacked the tiring marlin and he came to life with great leaps that flung me into the bottom of the skiff. I felt the edge of the seat crack against my forehead and nearly blacked out but I held onto the line. The blood flowed from the cut, half blinding me as I got to my feet, hanging onto the rod with all the strength I had left. My nose was bleeding and I couldn't get it to stop. Just as I got to my feet, the marlin gave a great leap coming toward the skiff and then another that flung him out of the water at the boat. I ducked but not in time. His great bill ripped through my upper arm and his smashing tail slapped the side of the skiff a hard crushing blow.

I thought the boat was done for and as I lay on the bottom of the skiff listening to my line scream out again, I dazedly watched the sea water begin to ooze in between the caulking. I still held the rod safely and the fish was dragging out my line but my left arm was numb with the blow and the blood was flowing down my side and arm. I knew if the boat sank I would not have a chance with the barracuda because I was bleeding. They would rip me apart in seconds if I ever fell into the water.

I THOUGHT HOW WORRIED Katy would be back in town. Katy had begged me to be careful when I left the house that morning but I thought she was just being concerned for my health as usual, since she had gotten to where she couldn't see so well. We both knew that there were warnings of squalls and possibly a real storm developing later but the stars were out and it was clear. You can't always depend on those weather forecasts too much anyway.

There was little hope for me to win the fifteen hundred dollars for the biggest marlin caught but I had to try. I had caught some good fish from my skiff and I had to at least try for Katy's sake. She needed an operation and on my salary it would have to wait a long time. It wasn't something that just had to be done right away and she wasn't in any pain but her eyes were not as good as they should have been and the doctors said she would be blind in a couple of years and then she would have to have the operation or stay blind. But Katy kept wanting us to get the money ahead and not go into debt. We had that mortgage on the house to pay and she kept saying to wait a while, she could still see well enough.

I knew it was dangerous to fish for marlin from such a small boat but some people had. They'd caught good fish that way too. It was all I had or could afford and I had to take the chance anyway, to get that money for Katy.

I took my gear and the outboard down to the dock and got the skiff in shape. I took off while it was still dark and was out fishing alone in the Gulf Stream at sunrise. It was a good feeling to be fishing alone and quiet out from shore. I could just barely see land and there was a wonderful peaceful feeling about the morning. I fished for several hours and nothing happened. I was about to stop and have a drink of water and eat a sandwich when the marlin struck.

Now I had been fighting him for twelve hours and I

(Continued on page 49)





POSTMARK U.S.A.



Dear Editor:

I have just finished **THE COP LOVING DOLL** and I think it is a pretty sorry story. The characters behave in a way that makes me think they are pretty silly people. If the girl really loved the cop why didn't she confide in him? This was never really explained to my satisfaction and the cop certainly took a beating from this dame before he ever got the pitch. I can't understand why he would want to go into the undercover squad just for a dame who treated him like a slob and never confided in him. And when he gets her in the end of the story, what has he got? Certainly he could never trust her again.

Well maybe I just don't like fiction. The rest of the stories were very good.

F. H. Y.
Norman, Okla.

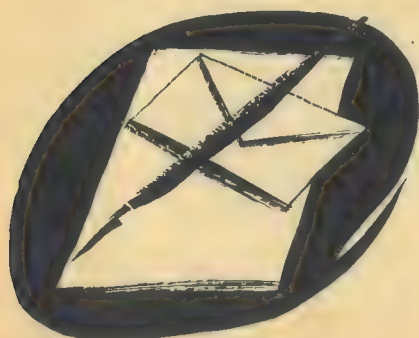


Dear Sirs:

I think the pictures you ran of Nona van Tosh were the greatest. She is my favorite actress and I think no more beautiful woman exists in the theater today. She has talent and beauty and that certain something which no one can ever describe but is the essence of beauty and charm.

Thank you for running these lovely pictures of my great favorite.

C. E. A.
Macon, Ga.



WILDCAT

Gentlemen:

Do you think Miss June McCall would send me an autographed photo of herself to put in the top of my footlocker? The men in the barracks read your magazine every time it comes out and we like the pictures and the stories. But you have gone *all out* on this issue. Don't forget to let me know about that picture from Miss McCall.

R. G. J.
Fort Sill, Okla.

Ed: We have passed your request on to Miss McCall who happens to be in Paris at the moment. You should hear from her in due time. Good luck!



Gentlemen:

I wonder if you would help me get in touch with Mr. Waldron B. Hansen who wrote the fine story **THE TREASURE ORGY OF THE SEABAT**, in your October 1959 issue of **WILDCAT** Adventures? I am an oil man and I am used to gambling on long chances so would like to invest in a venture with Mr. Hansen to find and raise this treasure. We would share the profits naturally, but we would have to meet and discuss terms and I would need more details on location, kind of equipment required, etc. before we could come to any final conclusion of course.

Certainly, I would appreciate any help you can give me on contacting Mr. Hansen. Thank you in advance for your kindness.

(name withheld on request)
Houston, Tex.

Ed: We have forwarded your letter to Mr. Hansen who will no doubt contact you directly. Good hunting!

Dear Sirs:

What is so different about a newspaper in Rome, Italy, doing what any newspaper which runs a personal ad section in this country does. Perhaps the ads aren't quite so honest and



open in this country but they mean the same thing. I see nothing wrong with such ads in any case. People need to get together in some way and if they want to do it in a personal ad column, why not? What they do after they meet is no one's business except theirs.

F. T. K.
Cleveland, Ohio

Ed: Law enforcement agencies feel differently about this.



Dear Editor:

Give us more exciting booklength pieces like **LUST OF THE WHIPPER**, that was a great story. It just happens that I was in Africa during the Mau Mau reign of terror (it isn't over yet) and I know how authentic the story is. If I had any complaint about it at all (which I haven't, knowing the limitations of the printed word) it would be that the author did not tell enough of the gory details. The horror and fear created by the most brutal murders and mass killings of this century are sometimes not printable in their details. I congratulate you on this piece.

S. C. R.
New York, N. Y.

A Belle on Her Toes



A girl has to be on her toes to get along in show "biz" and Michelle Lorre became a performer in burlesque in just that way. When another entertainer failed to show up, Michelle jumped at the chance to go on . . .



Now the men are competing for the chance to date her and many of them see her show night after night. But Michelle is more serious now and has her work to concern her. She is taking her art seriously and studying to be more proficient at it as well as to advance in her profession of acting, dancing, singing and getting to the top as a fine actress in TV and motion pictures.

Michelle says her first love is her work and her second is men. Having been born in San Diego and grown up with so many sailors around may have something to do with that. She hated school and only with the help of all her boy-friends managed to get through it all. It was sheer torture for her. But fun she had with all the boys competing for the favor of doing her math and chemistry problems . . .





"I like the life of burlesque and dancing and singing and I like to be admired by men, but I also want a home of my own in the not too distant future. I am sure the right man will come along if I just wait. When that happens I will be satisfied to settle down and make my man happy."



WILDCAT

WIT

An actor, who had been out of work for some time, went home to find his one room apartment in shambles. The coffee table and chairs had been smashed, the drapes were ripped and torn, and on the studio couch with her clothes torn off his wife lay sobbing.

"What happened? Who did this?" the actor demanded.

"I—I fought him off as long as I could, but . . . he was too strong for me," the wife sobbed.

"Who?" demanded the actor. "Tell me who. I'll find him and I'll beat him to death. I'll kill him."

"It was your agent," the wife said. "He came while you were gone, and—"

"My agent?" the actor said. "Tell me—does he have a part for me?"

One day a man entered a barber shop and asked, "How many ahead of me?"

"Six ahead of you," the barber said.

"Thanks," the man said and walked out.

The next day he was back. "How many ahead of me?" he asked.

"Seven, sir," the barber said.

"Thanks," the man said, and walked out.

That lasted for a week. Finally the barber got irritated and told his assistant to follow the man. "Find out for me where he goes when he leaves the shop."

So, the next day when the man came in the assistant followed him when he left. Then the assistant returned to the barber shop.

"Did you find out where he goes?" the barber asked.

"Sure," the assistant said. "He goes straight to your house."



Sir, I'm working my way through college.



"Charlie is with some mechanical company that fixes things . . . FIGHTS, HORSE RACES . . ."

Two Hollywood agents met on the corner of Hollywood and Vine and one of them said, "Well, how's business?"

"Miserable," the other said.

The first one laughed. "Stop trying to kid me. I hear you've made a great new discovery. That you've got a great new star."

The second agent shrugged. "A discovery," he murmured. "Sure. Sings like Sinatra, can ride a horse like Cooper, works on a trapeze like Burt Lancaster, and has a build like a Mr. Universe."

"So what's wrong with that?" the first agent cried. "He sounds like the best new guy to come along in years."

"Except for one thing," the other said. "This new star is a dame."

Texas joke: The farmer and his wife struck oil, and the first thing they did was book passage on the Queen Mary. The first night out they were seated at a table for dinner with a titled couple, who refused to speak to them. The second night out they were seated with the same couple again, who still did not speak to them.

On the third night when they ended up at the same table again the farmer finally said, "Look here, what've you all got against us?"

"Please!" the titled Lady said. "Haven't you ever heard of breeding? We insist on breeding."

But the Texas lady shot back: "Well, back home we think breeding is a lot of fun, too—but we don't get so stuck up about it!"

Once upon a time there was a 90 pound weakling and whenever he went to the beach with his girl friend a 220 pound bully kicked sand in his face and ran off with his girl. So the 90 pound weakling took a course and soon he weighed 220 pounds and so he took his new girl friend to the beach and a 440 pound bully kicked sand in his face and ran away with the girl.

Send your favorite joke to us at 218 West 48th St., New York 36, N.Y. and get yourself a two dollar bill if we can use it. No limit on number of submissions but sorry, we can't return any.

ZIEGFELD BEAUTY

AT GANGLAND'S ORGY

The gangster had the money . . . and the girls wanted some of it but we didn't know that an easy buck isn't always so easy. . . .

by an Ex-Ziegfeld Follies Girl

I WAS AN EIGHTEEN year-old big breasted kid, and Big Nero's hired killer was dangling me out the window of a suite in the — Hotel in New York, holding me only by one ankle.

The skirt of my dress had fallen over my head and shoulders—it was a pale lavender voile with beads all across the bust—but even so, I could see the lights of the cars moving below and the people looking like ants. I had always been terrified of high places and in that moment I thought I was going to go insane. The killer's hand was slowly slipping along my silk-stockinged leg, and I knew he was going to drop me! I'd die on the pavement below!

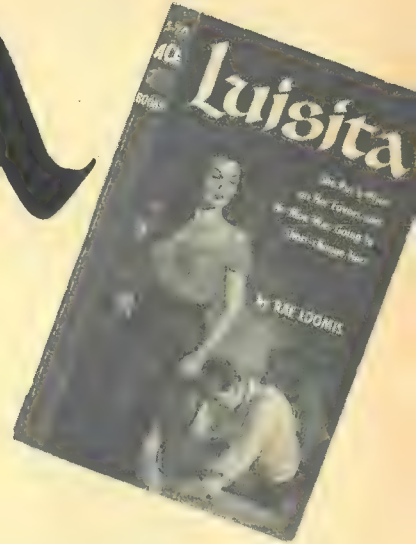
"What you say, cutie, a hundred dollars or no?" Big Nero said in his thick accent. He was standing at the window beside his hired killer who was holding me many stories above the cement and granite of Manhattan, and the wild party in the big suite was still going on as if nothing had happened—the champagne, with a rosebud in each glass, the five piece jazz band, all the girls who were doing the shimmy. Everybody was laughing and talking and dancing and drinking—nobody was paying any attention to me! Not even Henrietta, and she was the one who had brought me to this gangster's party, the one who told me it was an *easy* way to make some money! (Continued on page 58)



*Big Nero was insane with power
and made us dance all night!*



Luisita



With the whip's loaded handle she hit him once more, alongside the temple. He sagged to the floor and lay there on his face.

by Rae Loomis

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LUISITA SANCHEZ decided Bert Norton would think her red dress was too loud. She unzipped it and pulled it off over her head.

"That's a keen dress. Why you changing, huh, sis?" asked Caterina from the lumpy bed where she sprawled.

"Too Mex, that's why," Luisita said in her soft voice.

Tonight would be the first time she'd ever dated an Anglo. Papa had always promised to skin her alive if she did. Anglos meant no good to pretty Mexican girls. Besides, Papa and Mama both thought that soon Luisita surely would say yes to Carl Jeffries. So, for that matter, did Carl. Too bad; she'd like to marry Carl, she really would. . .

"I like the red dress best," said Caterina.

"You would. It's too loud. Too Mex."

"I ain't too good to be Mex," said Caterina. "You, though—honest, if you could turn into an Anglo you'd forget all about Mama and Papa and the rest of us."

Luisita shrugged. She loved her family. When she was rich she would give them money, but—yes, if she could magically be transformed into an Anglo she would forget Mextown just like that. Instantly and forever, quick and easy as the snap of a finger.

At the drugstore fountain Luisita ordered a limeade. She glanced at the clock—quarter of eight. Bert had said he'd meet her at eight. In the future, when she was surer of him, she would let him wait a little. But not this first time.

BERT STUCK his head in the door. "Let's go, beautiful," he grinned and returned to the convertible he'd parked double.

"Oh-h-h!" said Juana as Luisita hastened to the door. "Watch it, kid. You're in fast company."

Everybody always expected the worst, thought Luisita as she got in the car beside Bert. Nobody believed that love could find a way, like in the love stories.

"Have you some favorite spot you'd like to frolic in?" Bert asked.

"Well . . ." She would like to dance at the Fiesta Room at the Mesa Gato Hotel. They would not be apt

to refuse a Norton a table no matter whom he was with. Better, though, not to start right out going against local convention and prejudice. "The Carrousel?" The Carrousel, catering to the younger set, might not be so fussy.

"Yeah. Well, I'll pick a spot, then," said Bert, and he drove out the highway, past the mesa.

He turned onto the road toward the mesa and for the first time she was frightened. He stopped the car, pulled her to him.

"Bert, listen. You're wrong about me," she said breathlessly. "I—I'm not . . . I don't . . ."

"Listen, chick, you may be the prettiest Mex in Mesa Gato, but you're still Mex," he said roughly. "Do you think a white man dates you just to hold hands?"

He tried to push her down upon the seat. Moving her head to avoid his whisky-smelling lips, she fumbled behind her, opened the car door, wrenched away from him and half scrambled, half fell from the car.

She had run only a little way when he caught her by a shoulder and spun her around. "Get back in the car."

"No. No, I won't. Bert, don't!"

She threw up protective hands but he grabbed both wrists, held them and slapped her repeatedly, the hard-palmed blows forcing her head limply from side to side. Eyes shut, mouth open, she fought for breath. Dizzy and dazed with pain, she slumped to her knees to escape the blows. He released her wrists and she rolled onto her side, knees drawn up against her body, face buried in her arms. *My face*, she thought; *if he kicks me . . .*

"There, greaser! Maybe that'll teach you not to mess around white men unless you mean it."

The car backed, turned and roared away down the road.

Huddled on the cold earth Luisita cried in pain and humiliation and hatred. Damn him, damn him, she would pay him back someday. Beat him as he'd beat her, spit on him. Someday, damn him, she would.

At last she got up. Her nose had bled. With her tongue she moistened a corner of her handkerchief, dabbed at the runnels of tears and blood which stiffened on



Luisita knew that the only thing she had ever really been sure of was what she wanted. Money, and that meant men, too.

Luisita

her swelling face. Stumbling on high heels, she walked along the rutted dirt road toward the highway. Walking home from a ride to the mesa, like a girl in a dirty joke. . . Someday she would beat Bert Norton and spit on him.

THE SANCHEZ family was asleep, but they got up when Luisita turned on the light and said "Papa!" They crawled out of beds, the staircase kids in a variety of night attire, Mama a waddling mound in her shapeless gown, Papa with broad brown chest naked, his short thick legs bowed in rumpled shorts. When Mama saw Luisita she screamed and cried. The bigger kids stared and the little ones cried because Mama did.

Papa swore and yelled. "Jesus Cristo! Who, who? I'll kill him, I'll cut his heart out. It could not be Carl. Luisita, what *pachuco* has done this to you?"

"Bert Norton."

"Pale pig, stinking Anglo!" Papa shrieked. He clenched his fists. Beneath his drooping mustache his lips writhed away from his teeth. "This dog of a *violador* . . . Luisita, *la virginidad*. . . ?"

"He has not had me. The beating is all."

"Ah," sighed Papa and his fists unclenched. "Ah, then."

"You will punish him, Papa," she urged. "Beat him like you beat Big Blanco, then have him arrested. We will sue him."

Papa shrugged and bit his mustache. "Well, but the Nortons, you see," he stammered. "The parents would believe the lying boy. . . At the Mercantile, you understand, we charge groceries when there is no money. To offend Sid Norton, you realize. . . What can I do? *Nada*. . .

Damn and God damn them all. She would never be healed of this hatred. But once her bruises were healed and she was beautiful again,

she would leave this town. Oh, a fine town, where you could be beaten and Carl, your father, the chief, told you to forget it. Well, she was leaving. Never again would she be let down by men. From now on she would make the rules. Whatever her future, she and she alone would make it a good one.

Someday she would come back, married to a rich husband. With money you could do anything. And she would spit upon them all, beat and trample and spit on the cowards and snobs. . .



EXCEPT FOR being much busier, in a pink uniform instead of a green one, Luisita found jerking sodas in a Los Angeles drugstore the same as in Mesa Gato—tedious drudgery. But she had no other training; it must do for now.

Of many men, no one worth while asked to date her. She knew because she questioned them: "Where do you work? What do you do?" They were parking-lot jockeys, clerks, elevator boys, door-to-door salesmen or the frankly unemployed. Sorry, she told them, she was going steady. Sometimes out of curiosity she asked "What kind of date?" The replies, accompanied by grins sheepish or debonair, seldom varied. "Oh, a coupla drinks, a dance, maybe a little ride somewheres."

No. No little rides. Night clubs interested her. Sometimes they were owned by important people, rich hoodlums. You never knew. . .

La Rosa d'Oro didn't look like much by daylight. Despite the wide-propped front doors, the place reeked of stale tobacco smoke. The mural paintings of Mexican scenes were gaudily atrocious.

The owner was small and bulbous in a bright brown suit. His watch chain spelled out his name, which was Manny Campos. His prune-colored eyes roved Luisita. "You an entertainer, honey? I can use a singer. *Quatros Vidas*, *Cielito Lindo*, *La Golondrina*—the usual numbers the chumps go for."

"I sing. My name is Luisita Sanchez. How much do you pay?"

"Fifty a week. You gotta work the tables between shows. Rehearsal in half an hour, if you'd like to go to work tonight."

The band, six youngish Latins, arrived looking sleepy. A Mexican girl in red slacks and purple blouse, hair pincurled beneath a turban, languidly rehearsed dance numbers, including the inevitable hat dance.

At last Manny Campos waved Luisita toward the bandstand. "New singer. Run her through some standards."

She was not at all nervous, walking across the dance floor and up on the stand before the curious eyes of the others. Maybe she couldn't sing very well, but she certainly showed these other girls up when it came to looks.

The pianist leafed through sheet music. "Know this? And this? Okay, what key?" She didn't know, but she hummed till he found it.

She walked to the microphone and started to sing. Her voice was small, but soft and true and pleasant; she didn't get off beat. When she'd finished the first number, Manny told her not to hold onto the mike stand. "Clasp your hands loosely in front of you. Gesture once in a while, not often. Smile, if it's that kind of lyric. Otherwise that sad wide-eyed business is fine. Okay, try another. . ."

Manny led the way to his office, where he hired her. She was halfway to the door when he called her back. Drink? That's good; I don't want no lushing on the job. D'you party?"

She returned the even stare of the prune-colored eyes. "I do not!"

"Don't get huff, kid. Makes no difference to me. Reason I ask, some of these guys'll want to date you after the show. That's all."

Some men were funny, she thought as she left. When you rebuffed them they pretended they didn't want you. Manny Campos needn't think she'd fall into his arms sooner or later. He wasn't the kind she was after. . .

Stumping into La Rosa d'Oro on short fat legs, the little man looked like one of the Caesars. He had not the build for a toga; even in his excellent double-breasted tailoring he was a thick tub of a man. But there was arrogance in his manner, the tall way he stood on his short legs as he turned his big bald head to gaze about

through his heavily framed spectacles. His voice boomed over the music as he said to his companion, "A dump, Townsend, but you wanted Mexican grub and the customer is always right. Hey, that little singer's a tasty dish! Well, let's squat."

Ignoring the waiter who tried to show them to a table, the loud little man led the way to a booth. Money, thought Luisita, watching them above the microphone. Lots of money. Even as she sang she could follow

the little man's booming orders to the waiter.

Oh, yes, lots of money. You could tell. If he left before it was her turn to work the tables, she would die, just simply die. . .

He didn't leave. Backed by Jimmy's guitar, she started singing at the booth next to the little man's. Just before the end of the song, she moved on and halted before him. When she'd finished, she smiled. "Is there any particular song you'd like me to sing?"

"Nope." He handed Jimmy a bill. "Scram, boy. What's your name, gal? Luisita? Okay, sit down, Luisita. I'm tone-deaf. I'd rather look than listen. You're a honey."

"Gracias."

"Skip the local color, too," said the little man. "I do millions of dollars a year business with spic-speaking countries, but their representatives speak English if they have any direct dealings with me. Hell, I can't even speak English good. I pay my secretaries a hundred a week to translate into grammar what I pay myself a few million a year to know. Cocky little guy, ain't I?"

Nobody ever got any place being modest. . . . Luisita, this is Ab Townsend. Tomorrow he'll sign on the dotted line for eight hundred and fifty grand worth of concrete culvert, if he doesn't die tonight from eating whatever that Mexican mess is."

Mr. Townsend had thick white hair, snapping black eyes and a nice grin. He said "How do you do" and went on scraping cornmeal from a tamale's husks. Luisita thought he was probably much the nicest, but he wasn't the customer. It was the loud little man who had eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars worth of business coming tomorrow. Imagine, in one day—and in just one deal!

"I'm very happy to meet Mr. Townsend," she said. "And now I'd be very happy to meet you."

"Me?" I'm Adam Mickles. . . . By God, she'd never heard of me." He seemed delighted at her ignorance. "Don't you read the papers?"

"Just the fashion ads and the beauty columns."

"Good," he beamed. "Too damned many people read the news. Getting so a man can't sweeten a bid without some snooping reporter digging it up."

When Mr. Townsend had departed, Adam Mickles put his square stubby-fingered hand on Luisita's. He looked at her keenly through his spectacles. He spoke briskly as if he were running down a list of specifications.

"Married? No. Got a pimp?"

"No."

"If you've got some no-dough jerk hanging around, get rid of him. Be at my office tomorrow at two sharp. My secretary will expect you, she'll send you right in." He beckoned to the waiter, paid the check, tipped nobly, then left the booth. "Two sharp, remember. Here's cab fare." He pressed a bill into her hand and was gone.

It was a hundred-dollar bill. She told Manny she was ill and took the rest of the night off.

Adam Mickles—he was the rich man she'd been waiting for; oh, he was the one. This was the most important episode in her entire life, the goal on which all her dreams and efforts had been focussed.

SEATED in the reception room outside Adam Mickle's private office, Luisita stifled a yawn. She looked at her watch. It was now two-ten. "You're sure Mr. Mickle knows I'm here?" she asked the secretary.

The secretary, according to the brass nameplate on her desk, was Gail Coolidge. She was in her early thirties, thin, unpretty, very intelligent looking, very chic. For some obscure female reason, she and Luisita had loathed each other on sight, and now her gaze flicked coolly over Luisita.

"Mr. Mickle's talking to Australia on the telephone. Shall I have the switchboard break the connection?" Her thin

coral lips curved into a facsimile of a smile. "He knows you're here. However, if you're in a hurry I can get him someone else. Half the call girls in San Francisco stick to their phones around (Continued on page 62)



IRON CURTAIN

Cinderella



*Refugee Tania Velia from Iron Cur-
tained Yugoslavia has escaped to star-
dom in the U.S.A. Her story reads like
a movie version of Cinderella with a
modern twist. In 1954, as a member of
the swimming team which went to
Austria for a meet with Germany and
Austria, she slipped into the American
Zone and asked for political asylum
and finally an American aunt brought
her to New York. That was merely the
beginning for this beautiful silver-
blonde bombshell . . .*







When Tania was asked to appear on various television shows to tell of her experiences she was an instant hit and Bob Cummings had a complete show written around her. From there she went on to the Loretta Young and Ann Sothern shows, and then to motion pictures.



When asked if she liked American men better than European, she quickly answered, "Yes, they are much more considerate of their women. European men may kiss your hand and be very polite but they aren't really considerate in all the ways that really count." Tania loves to cook and she wants to marry and settle down to making a home for some nice American man when she has her career in hand.



I RAIDED THE CULT of the DAMNED



The insane cult of dope, dames and decadence was spreading over the Gulf Coast and we had to stop it . . .

Deputy Sheriff Jed Kephart

THE FIRST ONE OF US to get it was the big blond State Police Lieutenant. He kicked open the little side door of that old boarded-up house just beyond the city limits—and all hell busted out on us.

True, we'd brought three cars full of state and county men. But no sirens, understand. We were just making a check-up, in force. And it wasn't even dark yet. But that didn't slow the pitching arm of that wild brunette who struck first and bit later.

There hadn't been a sign of life around as we closed in. No cars. No smoke. No movement at the windows. Only that weird report of the guy with the flat tire the night before . . . and because it was a jurisdictional thing about whose territory, our chief, Sheriff Thompson asked the state men if they'd care to come along.

30

"Go ahead lads," our chief told us. "And see what you can find. I'll wait here in the car. Silly stuff, reports of lights seen late at night and then that out-of-state motorist with his tales of drums and screams. Checked with County assessor's office an hour ago. Taxes paid last several years by some concern in Chicago—a long way from here. Just see if there's anyone around. Any house out here in the pine barrens could be a fire hazard to Louisiana and Texas as well. Go ahead, see what you can find."

We gestured for the State Police Lieutenant to make the first move.

He stepped up and no more than raised his foot to boot in the door when—

"Whop!"

The door flew back, a half-filled amber bottle caught him square between the eyes, and a figure leaped out screaming with a maddened voice.

"Don't you dare come near, I'll have yer eyes." This babe was far from large. But she was covered with soot and oil, head to foot. And absolutely nothing else, save long fingernails, wild eyes, and hair that swung in the wind. Yet it was wild red hair.

There wasn't a man of us stood up to her for just one moment. And that was all they needed.

They? Why strike me if the far side of the clearing



didn't go flat out with figures, fillies and solid wenches, and men too. Nobody who wasn't able to peer around the side of the house would have believed it.

"Hey, you men—Tucker and Kephart. After them there." That was our chief, back there where he could see the whole thing. And as we rounded the old frame structure, I heard screaming, a snarl and shouts as the other state troopers closed in on the red-haired cat girl.

Then there was a shout, two shots and another shout.

"Hey! back here on the double."

"Stick with it," I told Tucker. "I'll double back."

I got there just in time. In time to get clawed and bit, that is.

For now there were three of them, fighting like furies. The Lieutenant lay sprawled where that bottle had near killed him with concussion. A State Sergeant and Davis from our office were getting the worst of it.

And I do mean worst. Those other wenches had on tights like for dancing. But that was all. The same streaked black make-up, and eyes that squinted in the daylight. Hopped up, that's what they were. Right to the eyes. But they had a catlike love of clawing. I felt the searing pain that forced my mouth to gulp air as that red-haired cat raked my forehead.

But as the blood ran into my eyes and I flailed around, trying to hold onto that

(Continued on page 50)



Chief Crazy Bear's

NUDE MAIDEN DECOY

One of the greatest of all Indian tacticians, Chief Crazy Bear is revealed, in this newly discovered account of his last battle, to be a true military genius. . . .

by Stuart Long



It could only be a trap set by the cunning mind of Chief Crazy Bear!

THE SUN BEAT DOWN HARD, hot as evil itself. By afternoon every man and every horse was listless. Eyes were bleary. Throats parched. The patrol moved along relentlessly, like a snake crossing a hot rock. The column turned onto the last leg of our search and headed back toward Ft. Dodd. Until that moment it was just a routine day for us.

Then I saw them. Indian girls astride paint ponies riding slowly toward us. Astonished, I watched about a dozen appear from behind an out-cropping of rimrock. The girls were all naked—and as lovely as mature girls can become.

I held up my hand to stop the column behind me. The girls continued to ride toward us. They sat proudly, their faces expressionless. Their shoulders displayed the soft lines



of youth. Their arms were lean, their breasts new and clean, their bellies and thighs like melons. And there was something undulant and tantalizing in the slow movements of those young bodies astride the walking paints.

Then one of my men shouted, "Wa-hoo!" and slapped his roan across the rump. The horse reared and charged. Others followed him, and in a flash the whole patrol was plunging headlong toward the girls, myself included. I hadn't given any order. None had been necessary—every man knew Col. Roderick's instructions: "*Seek out and engage the enemy!*" I rose in my stirrups and urged my mount forward. Even if the enemy is young and desirable and defenseless, an order is an order—and I couldn't for the life of me remember any strict definition of the word "engage."

Instantly the girls wheeled their ponies and fled, their round heels drumming at the ponies' flanks. The motion of the animals moving at a dead run caused the young roundnesses of the girls' bodies to swing rhythmically.

The patrol broke ranks and dashed in headlong pursuit. That stern tension built up while we were scrutinizing every inch of the surrounding terrain during the patrol, dissolved abruptly. I wasn't surprised at our lack of military bearing. I knew that the first platoon of C company was made up of renegades and cut-throats and devil-may-care roustabouts—and worse. (The Army wasn't asking many questions of men who volunteered to fight the red savages.) So I wasn't surprised when they broke ranks. Most of those men hadn't seen a woman in fifteen months.

The cries in their throats were mixed with laughter. Their spurs drew blood.

THE RACE WAS ON; big powerful stallions carrying regulation cavalry gear and a rider with full equipment against painted ponies carrying nothing but light, graceful, naked girls.

But our stallions were weary from the day's ride. My horse, pounding at a hard gallop under me, was soon lathering heavily. My mind worked to shut out the frenzy around me, the ringing hooves, the shouting men. I had to think; my mind worked desperately to disregard the confusion and concentrate on the overall situation. Something was wrong. Every time we drew close, those ponies put on a fresh burst of speed. They were rested and freshly watered.

Our cavalry mounts would overhaul them in time—but where would we be by then? When the chase began, the paints were running south. Now they had swung slowly toward the southwest, directly away from Ft. Dodd.

It was a trap! It had to be. But how? We were riding

across country so open it would be hard to hide a jack-rabbit. No place to hide a band of warriors. We were going away from the fort, sure, but I couldn't believe a dozen ponies would be used to decoy a platoon of twenty men away from the fort just to weaken it. No, whatever it was, the danger was directly to ourselves.

I searched the country ahead for landmarks and searched my thoughts for an answer.

ONE THING SEEMED CLEAR: whoever designed that trap knew exactly what kind of white men he was dealing with. They might have broken ranks for money, probably would have for whiskey. But for women—!

That meant just one person. Crazy Bear! He'd lived at missions part of his life. A Sioux chieftan with a crafty mind, a savage heart, a knowledge of the white-man's ways, and vengeance to claim. Crazy Bear! Named for the Sioux symbol for cunning in combat, the wily chief had merited the yellow-feather award early in his life.

I knew he was supposed to be far to the south in Kansas country, hunting buffalo. But "supposed to be" was becoming his trademark. Until the Cottonwood Incident when half a dozen cavalry soldiers had assaulted his youngest daughter, who was alone and unprotected, Crazy Bear had tried to negotiate fair treatment for his people. But after that, he was hard to find. No matter how our scouts tried, none of them ever saw Crazy Bear unless he wished it.

He could appear and disappear like a ghost, a trait he'd used for years. Before the Cottonwood Incident, Crazy Bear was a go-between trying to make peace between the whites and the other tribes of fierce, warlike Sioux. He thought it was futile to fight against the weapons of the white man, and he worked so steadfastly at making peace that his figure became a welcome sight at Ft. Dodd, from Gen. Bates right down to our stable boys.

Several times Col. Roderick and I rode with Crazy Bear to tribal councils where chiefs of many Sioux tribes gathered. Through such visits I came to meet and know—and like—Crazy Bear's eldest daughter, Nokuru, a handsome maiden with magnificent, flashing eyes. But shy. Looking at her my mind dropped the enmity an Army mind usually holds for the enemy, and seized on what seemed to me the only solution to the Indian problem, intermarriage. Yet, her brothers, and every Sioux warrior, were sworn enemies of mine.

In the armed truce that existed, the Crows under Crazy Bear had more freedom than any other group, white or red. They came to the fort openly and seemingly without fear. Sometimes for water. Sometimes for medicines.

Then E company happened upon the chief's youngest

(Continued on page 54)



The sight of those nude Indian maidens destroyed the morale of my command.



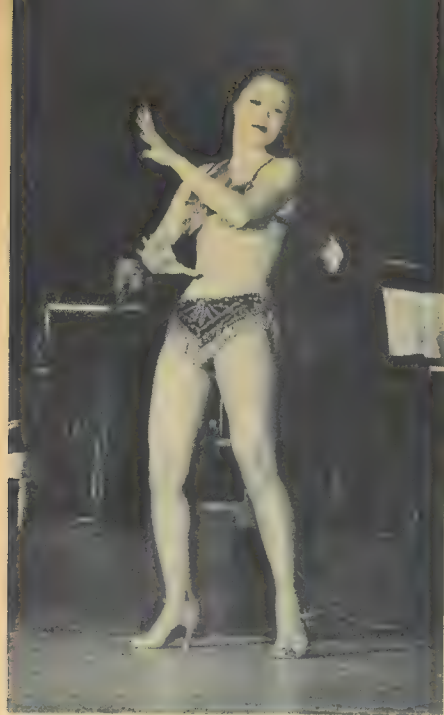
One of the most spectacular and brilliant performances at the Ginza Club is given by Miss Mary Matsuyami. Charming and petite as a person, her artistic dances and clever presentations have a power which one might expect only from a person with greater physical stature and stamina, but one soon forgets her size.

GINZA GIRL



Miss Matsuyami is one of the most charming entertainers to come out of the Orient in a long, long time. Here our roving photographer (lucky fellow) is graciously allowed to come back stage with Miss Matsuyami to photograph her preparations for her show. Her costuming is intricate and sturdy as it must be because of her strenuous dances. In her brilliant adaptations of old Oriental ceremonial dances, Miss Matsuyami is the hit of the season at the Ginza Club.

At far left and center left we see Miss Matsuyami in her dressing room, much as any other actress, but on this page we see her in a series of photographs depicting the culmination of her "Dance of the Dragons" which is the real show stopper, while below she relaxes informally between acts.



NYMPHO NAZI OF

We had the key to the invasion and the Nazi torturers would stop at nothing to make us talk . . .

as told to Frank Bohannon

"SPEAK SCHWEIN!"

I heard the words but I did not answer. The vicious whip cut my back again and I tasted blood where I had bitten my lip through. Again and again the lash fell and the screams came out of me. I could no longer control them. I was weak with the tortures of my Nazi captors.

"Stop! Stop it! He knows nothing!" Yvette screamed.

"Ah, perhaps you wish to tell us something?" Gestapo agent Weiss said and held up his hand for the guard to stop whipping me.

Yvette's eyes were wide with fear and horror as I looked at her, trying to tell her to keep the invasion date secret no matter what they did to me. She understood but even knew she had given the Gestapo agent a fatal clue to our relationship. If he knew we loved each other he would find devilish tortures for each of us while the other was forced to watch. The look in Yvette's eyes was plain for anyone to see and the Gestapo agent was by no means a fool. He was very clever indeed and he showed it now.

"So he knows nothing eh? You know him well perhaps? You know all that he knows?"

"No," Yvette said. "I only know no man could stand such tortures without speaking. I do not know him at all."

The agent merely smiled at her and turned to the man with the whip. "Proceed," he said. "Perhaps Mademoiselle will change her mind as we go along."

The lashings began again and I felt the bite of the brutal whip into my flesh. I stood it as long as I could and the screams began again. I tried to hold them in for Yvette's sake but I lost control and could not help myself. Yvette turned her head away and put her hands over her ears but Gestapo agent Weiss forced her to look and roughly pulled her hands away, forcing her to listen. She stood staring stonily and when she would not speak he became angry.

"You fools!" he shouted, "Do you think I can not make you talk! There are many ways left to me yet! You shall taste them all!"

Then the whipping began in earnest and I could feel the blood flowing down my back with every vicious lash until I blacked out completely.

Even though French North Africa was supposed to be unoccupied, the Vichy government was unable to stop the Gestapo from having its men in Algiers. The Gestapo was everywhere and there was no one you

could trust. Every French family had some sort of relative who was still a prisoner in Germany because the Germans wouldn't release the soldiers of France but made them into work battalions. If the people of France did not cooperate, their soldier relatives in Germany suffered. That was the German's vicious hold on the population.

Right in Algeria people disappeared or were arrested and sent to the notorious el Bezar prison in the desert. It was an old Foreign Legion fortress but it was run by Gestapo agents. Even though it was supposed to be under French control the Gestapo actually used it to torture prisoners and to do other terrible things. It was rumored that a woman who was insatiable in matters of torture and lust was a virtual ruler of the prison. No one ever came back from el Bezar alive so it was not known who she was or whether she was a Gestapo agent or just what. She was known in the whisperings as the Witch of el Bezar and the stories of brutality and the evil things she did with the men prisoners were horrifying. How the stories came back from that evil place, no one knew, but they came and they were believed, their threat permeating the very air of our country with the poison and distrust of fear.

YVETTE RICHARD AND I, Rene du Blanc, had just returned to the Free French Underground headquarters in the casbah from our contact with the American agents. We were bursting with happiness because there was to be an invasion of North Africa. No longer would we fear the Gestapo nor the Vichy traitors to our beloved France. Our underground force wasn't large but it was well organized and efficient. At last we were to have arms and when the Americans came we would be ready to help them. We were to seize the centers of communications and paralyze the resistance from within as much as possible while the invasion was taking place.

The moment we were safely inside our secret headquarters, Yvette let her excitement show. "Rene, *mon cher*, at last we are to see ourselves rid of the ravishers of our country. We must work hard and fight well!" And she threw her arms around my neck, kissing me with an abandon she had never shown before. My lovely Yvette, one could never think of such a beautiful petite girl as an underground fighter but Yvette was one of our greatest. Such fury, such dedication, such fearlessness! I had reason to know how passionate she could be and she was just as passionate a patriot as she was

TORTURE PRISON



They thought I was dead and they were planning a terrible revenge for Yvette. . . .

THE NYMPHO NAZI OF TORTURE PRISON

a woman. I was madly in love with her and we were to be married as soon as we finished our underground work.

Our families had been very close since we could remember. They owned fine vineyards and farms along the arabel coast of Algeria on the Mediterranean where there were excellent coves and where a submarine or small ship could land supplies. We were to rendezvous at one of these coves within three nights to meet our American friends who would come in a submarine with the supplies and arms to win our cause. In the meantime, Yvette and I had to plan the successful removal of the arms from the submarine to a safe hiding place. It was extremely dangerous because of the Gestapo agents everywhere.

We could not let many of our own underground group know the time or place of rendezvous. There were only a few whom we could trust without any doubt and we chose them to help. Some were women of course but they could drive the trucks and with the Americans to help load them it was best to have only a few know of the rendezvous.

The trucks would return separately to the casbah where the arms would be hidden and then handed out to the individuals at the proper time. Only Yvette and I knew when that was to be. It was a terrible secret which we had to keep for many lives depended on it.

Our trusted group had assembled at my father's villa on the coast as if for a family gathering. Each of us arriving by his own means. As the guests arrived my father welcomed them and the party got under way. There was a surface gaiety but beneath it one could feel a great tension as we waited for rendezvous hour. Yvette and I were dancing as the guests arrived. Suddenly Yvette gasped and whispered to me, "Mon Dieu! Look who has come in!"

Glancing toward the door I saw Grete Duval come in and my father greet her as cordially as anyone else apparently, but I could see a stiffness in his back which meant he was wary.

"That woman is a Nazi, I'm sure of it!" whispered Yvette. "Why did she 'just happen' to come to visit tonight? She has learned something or suspects something. We must get rid of her."

"We will do nothing as yet," I said firmly. "We must not panic but let things work themselves out. Perhaps she will go when she sees that we have a party here. We must wait."

GRETE DUVAL was the daughter of one of my father's old friends who had returned to Paris to live. She wasn't his real daughter, though he was extremely fond of her and spoiled her very badly. She was the daughter of his wife by a first marriage. She had always been a wild and wilful girl who would stop at nothing to get her own way. She loved luxury and was utterly selfish and self centered. There were rumors that she was having an affair with a Gestapo agent and that she was acting either wilfully or unwittingly as his tool and spying on old friends. No one dared trust her, yet no one dared deny her their hospitality. She had always been free to visit our home without notice and she was taking advantage of it now.

When the music stopped I told Yvette that I must dance with Grete as if she still held my esteem and friendship. Yvette whispered, "Be careful. She is a clever devil and knows too much about men."

I lifted an eyebrow and smiled at her quizzically. "You are not jealous, are you darling?"

Yvette glared at me a moment then laughed. "Naturally I am, my foolish one, so regard your actions well. I shall be watching every moment." I kissed her and went to dance with Grete.

Grete was a sultry creature and though she gave the appearance of being very warm hearted she was truly a cold woman beneath her pose. As we danced she looked at me through half closed eyes and clung to me, forcing me to dance close so that her body was against mine in a very voluptuous way.

"Rene, *cherie*, I never see you any more in our old places in the city. Are you avoiding me?"

"Never that," I said in mock horror, then more seriously. "But you know that Yvette and I are to be married. Naturally I spend my time with her."

Grete shrugged her smooth shoulders. "Ah, that," she said. "Well, you would not be the first man who had two women at the same time and I miss seeing you."

It was a pleasant sort of badinage but I knew beneath it there was something Grete wanted. She didn't just "happen" to arrive at this special time, although she could have, at that.

When the party was over it was nearing two in the morning and everyone except Yvette and I were apparently returning to the city. Grete left in her fast Mercedes-Benz and we breathed a sigh of relief. In two hours we were to make our rendezvous.

Our group met at the secret cove. The submarine signaled on time and I gave the proper signal back. I kept praying all along that things would go off smoothly. The submarine surfaced and I boarded her to show my



credentials from the American agent. When all was in order the supplies started coming ashore and we quickly loaded the trucks. As soon as one truck was loaded it quietly moved away to our hiding place in the casbah of the city. The first two trucks had gone and the third was loaded and ready to leave. The submarine had moved out to sea and was gone silently and quickly. The truck moved away in the darkness showing no lights and Yvette and I started walking back down the beach to my father's house. I was still holding my breath listening from time to time and I heard no sound. The trucks had gotten safely away.

WE HAD BEEN WALKING for several minutes when suddenly we were ordered to halt. When we stopped a bright light was flashing in our eyes and we never saw our captors. All we could hear was voices and then something struck my head and I knew nothing more until I recovered consciousness.

I opened my eyes and there was a shaft of sunlight coming in one small barred window. I lifted my head and groaned as great waves of nausea and pain shot through me. I relaxed back onto the filthy bunk and waited for the pain to clear a bit. Finally I managed to get to my feet and look about me. By standing on my bunk I could see out the small window and all I could see was endless sand dunes. Suddenly I knew that I was in el Bezar and I felt hope go out of me. I sat back on the side of my bunk and it was only then that I realized that there was another occupant in the cell with me. I thought at first it was Yvette but when I went to the bunk and laid my hand on her shoulder, I was amazed to find that it was Grete.

"Grete!" I said, shaking her gently. "How did we get here? Where is Yvette?" Grete turned and looked at me and then she sat up quickly.

"Oh Rene," she said and threw her arms around my neck. "I am so frightened. I thought you were dead. Why did they bring us here? What is this foolishness that we are in the underground and have been hiding arms? Tell them it is not so. I know nothing of all this." And she clung to me in fright.

I automatically held her close to me but there was something false about her fright. I could feel it though I could not see it in the way she acted. She was a good actress, that I knew from experience. I soothed her fears as best I could but I did not say anything about my underground activities.

"Oh darling, we are in that dreadful el Bezar prison and they are going to try to make us tell them about some arms they think we have hidden. Tell them what they want to know so that they will let us go."

My heart jumped into my throat. So they knew about the arms! I could only hope they would be unable to find the arms before the invasion since obviously the trucks had escaped them.

"I know nothing of any arms," I said. "Yvette and I

(Continued on page 52)



**Yvette's eyes were
wide with fear as I looked
at her, trying to tell her with
my eyes to keep the invasion
date secret no matter what they did
to me. "Proceed," the Gestapo
agent said cruelly. "Perhaps
Mademoiselle will change her mind."**



"Anybody seen Odette?"



"... and as for how faithful I am just ask Tanya, Fatima, Zodia, Aida, Odette, Mona or Zaza."

HAREM SCARUM

The uproar and tumult of fun that Vic Martin makes of a harem will leave your romantic notions of what a harem is like in shreds . . . of wild laughter.




"You never take any of us on your trips..
Have you a harem in every port?"



"You're terrific! Where did you learn hypnotism?"





"Don't leave me!" I cried but Wing Lee just smiled and said, "You belong them now."

SHANGHIED to LOVE STARVED ISLAND

**Wing Lee sold me into love-slavery to a whole island of beautiful
polynesian women and death was the penalty of failure. . . .**

by Dan Davis

I WAS STILL GROGGY from being drugged when the Kanakas dragged me from the outrigger canoe, pulled me through the surf, and threw me on the beach. My head felt as if someone had split it open with an axe and I tried to raise my hand to shield my eyes from the blinding tropical sun. I didn't know where I was or how I'd got there—except that I was lying on the sand of a tropical island, surrounded by half a dozen or more, beautiful half-clothed Polynesian girls.

"Pay. Now you pay Wing Lee," the high pitched voice of an old man shrilled behind me and I rolled over and struggled to my knees to look at him. He was an ancient, shriveled Chinese and at the sight of him I remembered meeting him in the brothel in Hong Kong, I remembered his offering to buy me a drink, and after that—nothing.

"No!" the tallest and most beautiful of the Polynesian

girls snapped, striding forward and standing almost over me with one hand on the handle of the knife at the waist of the bit of tapa cloth she had around her. "No pay yet. See first. Pay only for the very best. No pay until see first."

The old Chinese, Wing Lee, snapped an order to his black Kanakas in a foreign tongue I didn't understand and two of the brutes dragged me to my feet. A third one grabbed a handful of my shirt and ripped—I was stripped to the waist. Then he grabbed the waist band of my trousers, ready to tear them off too.

"No!" I said. "What's coming off here?" And I tried to jerk away, but there were three of the buggers against one of me, and anyway my struggling only helped them tear the rest of my clothes off. And there I stood in the broiling tropical sun as naked and as pale as the day I was born.



"Flat on back, flat on back," the largest of the Polynesian girls commanded and again Wing Lee spoke to his Kanakas and suddenly I was lying flat on my back, spread-eagled on the ground.

"Good," the Polynesian girl said. "Very good. Very big strong man." And in the background I could hear the rest of them making cooing sounds like a cageful of doves. "Let up," she commanded. "Let up now. Let stand."

I STRUGGLED TO MY FEET in time to see her toss a soft leather bag about the size of my fist to the old Chinese. Wing Lee jerked the bag open and pearls as big as a man's eyeball spilled out into his hand. Without a word to me, or to the leader of the Polynesian girls, he turned on his heel and strode into the surf, and climbed aboard the waiting outrigger canoe.

"Hey, wait!" I yelled. "You can't leave me—"

Wing Lee grinned at me. "I sell. They buy. You belong them. They take care of you."

I stood there, staring at the outrigger canoe as it flew through the surf in the direction of the junk standing off shore. Then a soft hand touched my shoulder and I turned to see the tallest of the Polynesian girls standing quite close to me.

"You come," she said.

"Well, give me my pants."

She shook her head. "You come."

"I'll be damned if I will if you won't give me my pants!" I told her.

She drew the knife she'd had her hand on all along and the other girls did, too. I hesitated, partly because I wasn't armed and partly because they were females I must admit. The idea of brawling with females has never appealed to me.

"Come," she insisted, taking me by the arm and tugging me toward the beginnings of a path that led through the palms just off the beach.

I went with them, barefooted and without a stitch on, for about a quarter of a mile to their village. The thatched huts were all in a ring and then right in the center of them was one hut that was bigger and more elaborate-looking than all the rest. We stopped at the door of it.

"You in," she said. "You stay."

THERE WASN'T ANYTHING else I could do so I crawled in the door and sat down on a mat. It was very clean and very new-looking and I had an idea that it had just been built. I sat there for a moment, completely bewildered, and then I stuck my head out the door. A huge woman, not young but not old and decrepit either, was standing outside with a cruel-looking war club. She didn't speak to me—she growled and raised the club, and I ducked back inside the hut.

Well, I sat there and the sun began to go down and there was no doubt I'd been sold into slavery—Wing Lee had said as much—but I'd never heard of such a thing happening in the South Seas before, and if I had been sold into slavery then, for *what*? That was what I didn't understand at all.

It got dark after a bit and I could see through the doorway that several fires had been lighted in the village. It didn't seem like anything special was going to happen, it seemed like an ordinary night in a native village. Then after a while, with much giggling and so forth, one of the younger girls brought me some yams and fish and a bowl of their native beer.

Not long after I ate I heard some jabbering outside and then the tall girl, the one who had done all the talking before, came in the door and this time she didn't have that knife with her, she had a flower in her hair.

She knelt on the mat in front of me and touched her chest with her hand. "Mea," she said.

So I tapped myself on the chest and said, "Dan."

Then she leaned forward and very gently rubbed her nose against mine. She took the flower she'd been wearing and stuck it behind my ear. Then she stood up and very slowly took off the bit of tapa cloth she'd been wearing. She was beautiful.

"What's going on here?" I said, trying to sound angry and as if I didn't know.

"Make baby," she said.

"You and me?" I said.

"You and me, you and all others, too."

"All of them?" I said.

She nodded and then with a sigh she sat down on the mat beside me.

And right then I suddenly realized something—on my hike up the path from the beach and all the time I'd been in the village I hadn't seen one other man. I hadn't seen anything but women!

I'D SHIPPED OUT on the tanker YORK and we'd come down through the Gulf of Arabia, through the Indian Ocean where it was hotter than hell, and made port at Hong Kong. I didn't jump ship or anything like that. I was shanghaied by that little run of a Chinese, Wing Lee.

We had been quite a few days at sea and when we did put in at Hong Kong I went ashore to a house I knew there that I had been to more than once. A French woman was the madam and she had girls from all over the world but mostly they were orientals. Well, I was just putting on my pants when the door busted open and a little old Chinese stood there, staring at me and blinking his eyes.

"So sorry," he said, grinning all of a sudden and



Their demands were fantastic, I knew escape was my only answer to survival.

Now—Run Your Car Without Spark Plugs—

Get Up to 31 More Horse-Power, 8 More Miles per Gallon USING ONLY REGULAR GAS!

Yes—this revolutionary new FIRE INJECTION SYSTEM—installed in 15 minutes, must deliver maximum power and economy WITHOUT CHANGING TO HIGH-PRICED PREMIUM GAS—must give you up to 31 more H.P., 8 more miles per gallon for the life of your car! See unprecedented GUARANTEE below!

Your car runs because gasoline is fed into the cylinders where a spark causes it to fire. Now here is the important thing. The larger this spark is the more powerful the explosion. The more powerful the explosion, the more power you get from a given amount of gas. Poor explosion means wasted gas, loss of power, poor getaway, bad starting, a sluggish car. Good explosion means more miles per gallon, more horsepower, blazing pickup; an exciting car to drive!

WHAT CONTROLS ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Spark plugs control the efficiency of that explosion. And not only do they give a small, weak spark to begin with; but they get worse every mile you drive. And that you can see



for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at a thousand miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and more of the precious electrode burning away.

STOP USING SPARK PLUGS!

Now, read very carefully what I'm going to suggest... that you stop using spark plugs! That's right—get rid of them—forever. But... if you get rid of your spark plugs, what will ignite the gasoline and make the motor run?

Well, please remember that today you can have gas injection and get far more mileage, efficiency and power from less gas—and in a few years gas injection will have completely replaced the carburetor. In the same way, now is the time for Americans to replace old-fashioned, temporary, inefficient spark plugs with a modern, efficient, permanent fire injection system!

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE MONTH!

Now, the SA FIRE INJECTION system is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gas savings alone in one month of driving. Forget for the moment about the extra pep, power, performance... the savings in spark plug servicing and replacement... the savings in wear and tear on pistons and cylinders. Just remember this fire injection sys-

tem will pay for itself in one month of driving! Here's how:

A spark plug jumps a spark across an air gap, limiting the size. A fire injector fires on the surface of a conductor. You get a heavy, powerful flame that will not blow out at pressures far greater than those created by the highest compression engine!

On ordinary spark plugs the air gap is always getting bigger, wasting power and gas. Plugs are constantly accumulating filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition. A fire injector has no air gap and no electrode to burn away. It never needs cleaning or setting; it actually becomes more efficient with use. It will actually outlast any car, delivering maximum efficiency without servicing or replacement.

With ordinary spark plugs you should be using premium gas, which costs from 4 to 8 cents more than regular gas. With fire injectors regular gas will give you up to 8 more miles per gallon, up to 31 more horsepower—plus easier starting in all weather.

These are some of the reasons that the U. S. Air Force pays premium prices for special aircraft fire injectors for the high-powered engines of their jet aircraft.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF!

If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car crawls forward when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on



the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next, take a spark plug wrench (you can procure one of these tools anywhere) and remove your spark plugs. Just screw the injectors right into the spark plug openings. Then no matter what kind of gas you have been using—fill your tank with the poorest regular gas you can buy. That's all you have to do to see the most amazing results you can imagine!

CHECK YOUR RESULTS CAREFULLY

If you have automatic transmission—now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stood still with spark plugs, it will move forward

at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you!

If you have a racing car, sports car or a boat, your RPMs will increase up to 200 more at idling—up to 300 more at higher speeds. If you have regular transmission, in low gear and with your motor idling your car will move forward 4 to 6 miles per hour faster. In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you install SA FIRE INJECTORS in your car!

SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL THE COUPON!

Up to now these SA FIRE INJECTORS were practically made by hand and would have had to sell for as high as \$5 each. But we knew that 30 or 40 dollars for a set of 6 to 8 SA FIRE INJECTORS was more than the average driver could afford—so we decided to get the price down so low that these injectors would pay for themselves 12 times, in one year of driving. So here is my astonishing proposition. If you will check your car's performance carefully before and after you install your SA FIRE INJECTORS and then tell your friends and neighbors about them, here is what I am prepared to do for you.

You can have a set of SA FIRE INJECTORS for the year and model of your car for a fraction of their value... that's \$1.49 each... only \$8.94 for a 6-cylinder car or \$11.92 for an 8-cylinder car. Now, if your SA FIRE INJECTORS don't meet my GUARANTEE—if they do not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car... you get your money back on 10-day no-risk basis.

CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES



SPARK PLUG

Fires across air gap
Wire electrode burns away
Carbon ruins firing tip
Needs cleaning and setting
Needs periodic replacing
Needs premium gas
Must have exact heat range
Spark blows out under pressure



FIRE INJECTOR

NO air gap required
NO wire electrode
NO tip deterioration
NO cleaning or setting ever
NO replacing
NO premium gas needed
NO heat range
NO blowing out even at highest compressions

GUARANTEE—INSURANCE—INDEMNITY

Take your set of SA FIRE INJECTORS and install them immediately; then, give your new injection system every test you can think of... starting—acceleration—gas mileage—motor pep and smoothness for 10 full days. You must get up to 31 more horsepower—up to 8 more miles per gallon—increased engine RPMs—faster starting, blazing acceleration, freedom from knocks and pings, easier starting in all kinds of weather... AND DO ALL OF THESE THINGS ON REGULAR GAS, OR YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

As long as the SA FIRE INJECTORS are in your car you are covered by a PRODUCT LIABILITY INSURANCE POLICY, endorsed by an internationally famous insurance company. A detailed description of this coverage is yours on request.

If any SA FIRE INJECTOR does not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car, we will replace it FREE, or we will replace your ignition system with a set of brand-new standard American plugs. Simply return your SA FIRE INJECTORS with your guarantee.

C. D. Kasher, President,
STERLING ARTCO, INC.

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm all through. If you're not too lazy to take 15 minutes to remove a set of plugs and install a set of fire injectors and not too proud to save a lot of money—if you enjoy a car that delivers the maximum in smooth, powerful performance—then choose the method of ordering easiest for you as shown in the coupon and order your SA FIRE INJECTORS right now!

Sterling Artco, Inc., 31 W. 47th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Dept. MA-1

Yes, I want new pep, power and performance from my automobile! Please send me:

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☐ Single SA FIRE INJECTORS (Number.....) at \$1.49 each

☐ Enclosed is the full price for the SA FIRE INJECTORS I am ordering. You will pay the postage. In addition, I will receive as a special FREE Bonus a famous illustrated 62-page "Economy Driving Handbook." Though I pay in advance, all terms of this offer and Guarantee-Insurance-Indemnity apply, and the Handbook is mine to keep even if I return the Fire Injectors.

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I WAS SHANGHAIED TO A LOVE STARVED ISLAND

bowing. "So sorry to intrude. Thought room empty. Buy nice gentleman drink?"

I told him there were no hard feelings and that I'd drink his liquor. So we went out to the parlor and sat at a table and he told me his name was Wing Lee and that he was a merchant. I guess we had two or three drinks and I know he put something in the last one because the next thing I knew I was being hauled through the surf and flung on the beach by his Kanakas. Shanghaied. Shanghaied to make a batch of kids with a bunch of Polynesian girls I'd never even seen before.

LATER THAT NIGHT, as Mea lay beside me on the mat gently stroking my chest and arms, she told me more about why she had had me shanghaied, and about the social setup on the island, too. A couple of years before an old Dutch doctor had been put ashore by a trader, sick and burning with fever. The trader had been afraid of an epidemic among his crew and he had abandoned the old man. The Polynesians nursed him and tried to save his life, and although the old doctor did eventually die he warned them that as a race they were becoming too in-bred on their remote little island and that they needed new blood.

The women on the island were the ones who ran things, and the men had no say in the politics of the village at all. They fished and dived for pearls and did what the women told them to do. Mea was their hereditary Queen and when the old doctor warned her that her tribe might die out eventually unless there was new blood in it she called a meeting of her council of elders. They decided that since their island was so remote from all the others in the chain that they would have to enlist the services of Wing Lee. He stopped once every six months or so to trade for pearls. They decided to pay Wing Lee for bringing them a man. But it was Mea herself who decided that it must be a white man.

"Why a white man?" I asked her.

"Your blood much different," she said seriously. "Your blood new here."

When I asked her if she planned to keep me there forever she said no, but that I would have to stay there until all the younger women and girls had had their babies. If they weren't perfectly healthy specimens then I would have to stay on the island until some of the women at least did have healthy babies.

When she told me that I felt a little sick, because I could see myself trapped there forever, getting older and more useless, and maybe dying there like the old Dutch doctor had.

In a few days they trusted me enough to take the guard away from the door of my hut and to let me wander about the island but one of the girls or women always went with me. I saw the special compound where they kept the younger children, and they were a sorry and sickly-looking lot. And I visited the men's village on the other side of the island where they all lived together. They were a listless,

weak bunch of creatures. One of them was actually a dwarf, he hardly stood as high as my waist, and because I was interested in him Mea gave him to me as a servant.

It was six months before Mea trusted me enough to let me have my own out-rigger canoe and go into the lagoon and dive for pearls with the native men. During that time I'd been forced to live with a different girl or woman each month I'd been there, one of them hardly more than a child. They treated me well, always giving me the best food and rubbing my body with oil and bringing me flowers and as much of the beer they made, as I could drink. Mostly they played fair with each other, too, and waited for their turn, but some of the younger girls followed me several times when I went down to bathe and threatened to tell Mea they had seen me trying to run away if I didn't. So what could I do?

And run away, or escape, was exactly what I had planned. I'd been thinking about it since I'd first asked Mea for one of the outriggers. The dwarf who was my servant hated her and all the women because they made fun of his size and he trusted me because I'd always been kind to him. One day when we were out in the lagoon a squall came up and it was just what I'd been waiting for. Hidden by the storm we put out to sea and I think my plan must have worked because Mea didn't send the war canoes after us. She must have thought we had both drowned.

On the way south to the larger islands we ran out of water and the dwarf died. I had to tumble him over the side and the only thing that kept me alive was raw fish. I was a skeleton when I finally stumbled ashore at one of the larger islands and it was a month before I was strong enough to sit up and feed myself.

THE NEXT TIME a trader put in I left with him and worked my way back to Hong Kong. I was on the beach there for more than a month and it was a funny thing but all I could think about was Mea and the island and the life I had lived there. It got so bad I couldn't think of anything else—all I could do was remember all the beautiful days and nights, and all the different girls. I knew if I went back I'd never see the States again, but I couldn't help that and finally I hunted up Wing Lee.

I found him at the French woman's place and he gasped when he saw me because he'd thought I was dead. Then he thought I'd come to kill him and he went for that blunt little automatic he carried but I grabbed his old skinny wrist and held him still.

"Listen, I don't want to hurt you," I said. "Relax. I want you to do something for me. I want you to take me back to that island."

But he shook his head. "No, no. They find out you alive they think Wing Lee cheat. They kill Wing Lee. You go back they kill you for running away. You never go back. Never."

MY ORDEAL OF THE MARLIN MADNESS

(Continued from page 14)

was weak with hunger and fatigue. My movements were slow and it was an effort to even breathe. The storm was gathering momentum and the rain was coming down in a steady hard downpour. The wind wasn't bad but it was growing in intensity and the skiff was being flung about by the waves. The sea was growing rougher and I was afraid the waves might get so bad they'd capsize the skiff. If that happened the barracuda would have me. I tried to start the outboard but I couldn't. It was more than I could do with my bleeding shoulder and still hang onto the line. I decided to let the outboard go for the moment and try to bind my bleeding upper arm. I had to stop the bleeding because of the barracuda and the loss of blood was weakening me, too.

Loosening the drag on the reel, I let it run without much tension on it while I held the rod as best I could with my good hand and my knees. With my wounded arm and my teeth I tore up my shirt into strips. Then the marlin slacked off and the line had no pull to it. I didn't know whether I had lost him or he had gone to the bottom. It would do no good for me to know just then so I took advantage of the breather to bind my wounds and decided to find out what the marlin was doing later, if he gave me the chance. I quickly bound my wounds while holding the rod steady against the boat with my feet, praying the marlin wouldn't make a sudden move.

LUCK WAS WITH ME because I got my wounds bound and the blood stopped without feeling anything on the line or the marlin making a move. I had to get some food into me and I dragged out the paper bag which was a sodden mass and tried to eat the wet sandwiches. I forced them down, though they were slimy with sea water, and then I washed my mouth out with the fresh water from my bottle. I had to go easy on it because it was all I had and I might need it badly before I got back.

While I had the breather from the fish I managed to get the outboard started and it steadied the boat against the heaving seas a little bit. The rain began to slack off and the wind died down but I could feel the water sloshing about my feet and I knew the boat was leaking pretty badly. I had no bucket to bail with and although the storm was dying down, the boat might sink if I didn't get it bailed out. Then I thought of my old felt hat and I cut the outboard and wrapped the line about my waist. I couldn't tell whether there was a fish still on it or not but I wasn't going to take the chance of losing my rod and reel if there was.

I bailed and bailed until my back was stiff with the effort and the water had

been bailed out until there was only an inch or so in the bottom of the skiff. A lot of it had been rainwater, I discovered. Just as I was about to dump the last hateful overboard, the line gave a vicious jerk and nearly tore me in two as the fish was off and running again. It flung me into the prow of the skiff and I struggled to get free of the line. It was cutting into my flesh like a knife. By forcing myself backward against the pull I was able to get it from around my waist and the rod back into my hands where it belonged.

The fish had had a rest and was going strong again as I fought him through the darkness of the moonless night. By morning he was tired and I managed to get him to the boat without the barracuda attacking again. I must have lost them in the storm and the running in the night. He was a beauty and I was proud as I drove my gaff into his heart. With one convulsive plunge he rolled over and I got my line through his gills and mouth and made him fast to the mooring chain in the prow of the skiff. I didn't dare sit down and rest because I would become stiff and unable to move.

I got the outboard started and sat down with my hand on the tiller. I tried to flex my muscles but I could feel them go stiff and the cramps begin. Even though I didn't know how far away it was, I could now tell in what direction land lay. It could only be west and I had the sun for a guide. The outboard beat along through the water and then I saw a plane overhead circling. They came down close and I waved to them as they wagged their wings and turned back towards land. I watched them out of sight and then settled down to the long ride home. I had been moving along for several hours it seemed without any sight of land and I began to worry about my gasoline supply when I saw a Coast Guard cutter coming in my direction.

I waved to them and they came towards me. When they came alongside they threw me a line and I pulled my skiff up to them. They had to help me aboard because my legs simply wouldn't work. They took the skiff and the great marlin aboard and we started back to land. They told me I was a good forty miles from land and that the reason they'd come after me was that Katy had been frantic when I didn't come home and the storm had broken.

They couldn't have been a sweeter sight to me. My gasoline was nearly gone and I never would have made it back without help. They were amazed at the fish and my twenty-four hour fight with it. I was too tired to care much, I simply wanted to get into a bed and rest. The fish weighed 1200 pounds and was the biggest one in the contest. That is why Katy can see as good as new. That alone was worth the ordeal of that long night at sea.



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I RAIDED THE CULT OF THE DAMNED

(Continued from page 31)



oily, slippery, lithe figure. I felt my balance going. Almost before I was fully down she was on top of me, tearing, biting at the right side of my neck like an animal. That was it—my jugular vein. It was my turn to howl. The State trooper who tore her off me was just in time. And an acrobat, as well. For in the few seconds she'd worked me over in my blinded state, I was running blood all over my shirt-front, and reeling from the slippery, off-balance attack.

"Help me, help, he'llllllp." I knew that voice. It was a normal girl's high-pitched terror. Like my kid sister. I swiveled around and up, wiped the blood out of my eyes and headed for the door again just as our chief gunned the highway patrol car and dug out after something he'd seen down the road.

Now it was up to us men still on our feet. I saw two figures down and all three of the wild ones being subdued there as I left the areaway and plunged into the gloom of the old building, responding to that cry for aid.

What I saw made my blood run cold. There was a light, yes. But it wasn't any ordinary light like you'd use to light a room, or read by. It was the kind of stage light used for funny-business—or an operation.

Under it lay a lovely girl. Pale creamy skin showed against her bonds. And under her was a long marble slab—a tombstone with filthy stains on it. Over the girl's chemise was fresh blood, and on her face was a look of horror, of something so fearful in its fascination that her eyes were focussed on the ceiling of the big, darkened room. There wasn't another person there, I saw.

"It's all right, honey. The police are here."

"Ohhhhh. Don't let him . . . Mama Loi was going to make him . . ."

"Yes? Here." I got out my pocket knife and began cutting the thongs that held her in a dozen places from the waist up.

"Don't try and talk now," I told her. And in a minute I had slashed every one of those thongs and bindings. Another State trooper and Tucker came in then. They saw what I was up against. They were smeared with grease and blood themselves. But this lovely kid was out on her feet, and I mean really. From one of the wall couches we ripped a cover, and walked her out into the yard. The carnage was over. One of the three bad cats lay shivering with the dry heaves. The other two were just frozen—sullen. No talk. With

bracelets on and some necessary slapping around, they wouldn't say a word.

WHEN OUR CHIEF CAME BACK, he didn't have a prisoner. That made him sore enough. But when he walked into the place and sized it up for himself, he was furious.

"Drums, whips, needles, spoons, weird records, and three chickens, one dead," he burst out. "This is the absolute end. When loony, drum-beating, rhythm-crazy, hopped-up white folks go in for this kind of stuff, it's time for me to . . ."

"Fight voodoo," a state trooper put in.

"By God that's it. That's what it is. Voodoo sex cult. Let's get back to town men. We'll learn plenty from this girl here, if these hop-heads refuse to tell what they know. But a few days should make the difference. Get decent covers for the prisoners, men. And let's get back to town . . ."

Next afternoon out at the county hospital I was there when Rene Harcourt came out of a deep sleep and gave our chief the story of her abduction and the almost certain planned torture murder at the hands of the worst sex cult that has ever scourged the south.

There in the clean, antiseptic second floor of the county hospital, yesterday's raid seemed fantastic and unreal. Only the bandages on my neck and on my forehead were very real, as I touched them for confirmation.

"Now Miss Harcourt," our chief said, "I want you to tell us exactly what happened—all you can remember. We'll need every scrap of information we can find, to track down that woman and her followers. And we've got to . . . do just that."

The lovely girl had lost her tension. She looked drowsy, that's all.

"My name is Rene Harcourt, I'm a senior at Kentwood High, there north of Lake Ponchartrain."

"Kentwood—why that's 300 miles from here."

"Yeah," our chief cut in. "But our state still. No FBI help now."

". . . I was coming home after school yesterday, Friday, when this car drove up alongside.

"Want to make two dollars an hour addressing orders down at the plant, young lady?" this young man says. I could see there was a woman in the car, and she was driving. It stopped me.

"Come on, you can make a five spot before dinnertime. Big rush job. We need

everyone we can get?" He grinned at me. "Why not, I said and came over."

"You get in back, John. The young lady can ride with me," the woman said.

"When I got in the front seat beside her she started up quickly after giving me a curious glance. 'A rush order is everybody's good luck,' I said, and I was just going to tell her where two of my friends lived who had gone home before I did and could use the money when she turned her head and said, 'Hurry, boy. Use the needle.'

"I felt a sharp sting right at the base of my neck. I looked around, alarmed and said, 'Say, what do you think you're doing?' and suddenly my head started to sag while I was still rubbing my neck.

"Prop her head, boy. Don't try to scream, Dearie. You're going to sleep, now.' That's all she said, or at least all I can remember, until yesterday afternoon when I woke up and she was giving me that massage that stung all over, before they tied me down on that long, cold slab.

The place where I woke up was a washroom, I think. The car they picked me up in and offered me that job, was a Ford '50, a dark green, two-door sedan. The young man was maybe twenty-five, under six feet, and very dark hair and eyebrows. He had a good smile, that's what disarmed me.

But that new place was full of strange smells. It wasn't so much the cream that woman rubbed me with, though it stung, it was having to lie there, on that stone slab, bound down like that and shivering. . . .

"Go on," our chief said. "Tell us everything."

"It must have been late in the afternoon, a red haired girl came in. She took a match, held it under a spoon and let the flame heat something. Then she took an eyedropper and turned around. I didn't see the rest, but she put the things over on a shelf, turned to me and said, 'Dearie, we get paid real well for what we give and get. You're going to have to give freely when they introduce you to the big boy. You'll find out if you survive Mama Loi's big voodoo show.' Then she went out.

I lay there shivering again, thinking of my folks, and Jeffrey Lamont on the football team and all the people this Mama Loi was rubbing out of my life . . . and then came another needle, in my thigh this time. I didn't even know when the whole stone bed thing was carried into another room. But the one where I came to was black—all except that spotlight.

OFF TO ONE SIDE there were drums. Then more drums on the other side, and the strange-smelling smoke that drifted across the light as figures moved in rhythm to the quickening drum-beats that seemed to be pounding their way right into the center of my brain.

The frenzied drumming finally reached a crescendo that made my head seem to burst. It didn't though. Instead, the drumming stopped, save for a slow, single beat, like the ticking of a giant watch. I opened my eyes and stared at the flapping, pulsing thing that was giving out a steady

★ WILDCAT

drop-drop-drop of something that splashed and tickled as it landed on my body. I squirmed and moved every possible way to get away as the Mama Loi held that swinging, swaying chicken above me while it bled to death.

They were counting then—counting for some obscene purpose, surely. The count was a kind of chant and when they got to fifty there was a rustling movement and someone said, "Three cars outside."

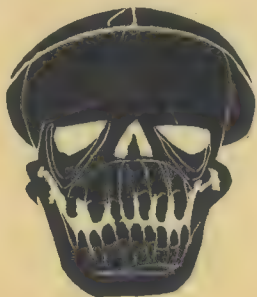
I heard the Mama Loi's voice again. "I told them no cars here—not even for the late ones, ever. Shoo them away."

And then . . . and then there was a wild rush out the side door, and I heard the red-haired girl say, "We'll stay and fight. Fight 'em all the way." Right after that there came the bang on the little door and I saw more light come in and shouts, and the sound of shots.

The young Harcourt girl was returned to her parents that night, after a long distance call had relieved their anxieties. The three dope-crazed floozies were turned over to the U.S. authorities for treatment in the big hospital at Lexington, Kentucky. They swore they'd never seen the Mama Loi before, and she'd hired them in New Orleans the day before the Harcourt girl was abducted, for two hundred apiece, to give a "party," for business clients in Shreveport. That was no lead at all, for we all worked north of there and had no jurisdiction beyond our county.

The State troopers put out a bulletin though. And in the two months since our raid, whenever I see one of the raiding party, I always ask 'em if there's been any luck.

"None at all," the young Lieutenant told me only last week. "We've alerted the state forces all through the south. But that Mama Loi is doing her wicked business somewhere you can be sure. And her business is tied up with a big syndicate peddling dope all over the country, and sex is the come-on. Local chippies delight the clients, and bring in more trade. Kidnapping local virgins for wicked shows like we interrupted, is just one more crime of the syndicate. Some day the federal men will grab the ring leaders. But until that day, every law enforcement officer must stay alert to round up these wicked female fagans who are spreading the terrors of rape and murder across our land—as tie-ins for their nefarious trade. Keep alert, Kephart. You local boys are the heart of protection for our citizens everywhere." And he shook my hand. I felt good hearing that. I knew how near death the speaker had gone to prove he meant what he said.



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THE NYMPHO NAZI OF TORTURE PRISON

(Continued from page 41)

were merely taking a walk along the beach and talking of our wedding plans when we were seized and brought here. Where is Yvette?"

"Yvette?" Grete said in apparent surprise. "Is she here? I have not seen her. I was seized when I left your father's home and brought here. Perhaps Yvette is behind all this. She is a jealous one and she knows I am mad about you. Perhaps she is a Gestapo agent."

"That is insane. She could not be, not my Yvette," I said.

"Oh men!" Grete said in disgust. "They are fooled by any woman who pretends to love them. Rene, *cher*, forget that evil Yvette. I am frightened. Tell them what they want to know and make them let me go. I will be good to you forever. I will love you as you have never been loved."

That was the beginning of the most depraved performance I have ever seen. Grete tried to use herself to get me to do what she wanted. The things she did I could not speak of, even now. She was wanton and depraved in her behavior and I was ashamed of her as a human being. When she realized I did not believe her and could not be made to do as she wished, she turned against me. That was when she went to the cell door and called the guard to let her out. She turned in the door and spat at me.

"You had your chance to talk without pain," she said contemptuously, "but you are a pig-headed fool and now you will suffer."

SOON THE GUARDS CAME for me and took me to a room where they bound my hands to a ring in the wall and began to whip me. When I would not talk they brought Yvette in to witness the whipping, thinking she would speak. Finally I lost consciousness and when I came to my senses again I was lying on the stone floor in a small room just off the torture room and I could hear Yvette's screams.

I was so painfully sore I could barely move but those screams gave me a strength I never thought I could have. The door to my room was slightly ajar and I gently eased it open. It opened onto a corridor and a guard stood with his back to it peering down toward where the screams originated. In his hands was a sub-machine gun and at his belt a dagger with the Nazi insignia on the hilt.

With one swift motion I snatched the dagger from his belt and locked my arm about his throat, driving the dagger through his back into his heart. He died without a sound and I seized the gun as he slumped to the floor. Dragging him quickly back into my cell, I left him and started down the short hall to the torture room. Cautiously I looked into the room but they were all so concentrated on their evil work that they didn't know I was there. I let off a burst and saw the torturers crumple to the floor. Grete was there and I could not bring myself to shoot her until she seized

a pistol and fired point blank at me. The bullet drove stone chips into my face where it struck the wall and I could only defend myself.

Quickly I cut Yvette free and found that she was not truly harmed. She was angry and frightened but not so much that she couldn't seize another gun and follow me down the corridor away from the torture room. As we went cautiously along the corridor we heard running feet coming toward us. We ducked into a door off the corridor and found that it was full of ammunition and explosives. I seized a grenade and peered out the door down the corridor. Several men were running toward us. I pulled the pin on the grenade and tossed it down the hall. There was a great blast which shook the building and screams of dying men. When I looked again the hall was filled with debris but far from blocked.

Cautiously I stepped out into the hall and a burst of machine gun fire drove me back into the room. I lobbed another grenade down the hall and the machine gun stopped abruptly. The stone walls were protection to us but they were also a barrier to our freedom. I snatched a carton of explosives and carried it down to the torture room which had a window looking out on the courtyard of the prison. I put the explosives in the window and pulled the pin on a grenade, placing it on top of the carton and racing back to the shelter of the stone room where Yvette waited, covering my back. I had just made it inside when a great concussion shook the building and when I looked out I could see a great hole where the window had been.

We took as many grenades as we could carry and dashed down the corridor to the demolished wall. I looked out into the small courtyard where there were several vehicles standing near a gasoline pump. I made a dash for a low slung Mercedes-Benz and got it started while Yvette covered me from the pile of debris. I saw her squeeze off a burst as a guard raised his rifle to fire at me. He dropped and I got the car started and headed through the gate. Yvette scrambled in beside me and to stop any pursuit, I flung a grenade towards the group of vehicles around the gasoline pump. We shot through the gate just as the whole thing went up in a great sheet of roaring flame.

I COULD NOT WASTE TIME in getting back to the city. I drove like a demon through the desert because it was the 7th of November 1942. We arrived in the city without mishap and were back in the organization in time to help with the invasion the next day. I thought it was more than appropriate that the car we had taken was the fast Mercedes-Benz which belonged to Grete. Poor, willful Grete who was too selfish and luxury loving to live for France instead of herself.

Yvette and I were married a month later and we truly began to live and fight to free France from the Nazi tyranny.

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CHIEF CRAZY BEAR'S NUDE MAIDEN DECOY

(Continued from page 34)



daughter, Uwadia, as she stepped from a solitary bath in the river. They drew lots to see who went first, and then, one by one, took their pleasure of her.

It became known (unofficially) as the Cottonwood Incident, though no official protest was ever received nor any official account written. The Crows stopped being seen. Crazy Bear disappeared from the council fires. Our scouts lost track of their whereabouts completely.

Because of my friendship with Nokuru, Col. Roderick asked me to go into Crow country to find out where they were. They were all around, but I couldn't see them. There were reasonably fresh tracks by the river. I found fresh feathers from a bird some hunter had killed. There were newly broken twigs along the trails. Yes, they were there.

THAT NIGHT I bedded down on a knoll and watched the stars blink in the incredible expanse of American sky.

"Sergeant . . ." a voice whispered. It was Nokuru. "Crazy Bear says to stop looking for Crow people. Crow braves say they kill Nokuru if she smile at you any again."

"Nokuru, listen. I don't blame Crazy Bear or your people, the brave Crow tribe of the valiant Sioux, for being angry with the white men. But if Crazy Bear takes his revenge on white people, it will go hard for the Crow. Listen, Nokuru . . . Nokuru—!" But she was gone, and I had no idea how much she had heard.

I spent the next two days in the hills. Once I thought I heard drums. Another time I was sure I saw a puff of smoke, but there was only one, so it wouldn't have been a signal. That was all. The Crow might as well have been transparent. On the third day, after I found travois marks, I figured they were moving south. Their trail was straight, and no attempt had been made to hide it. I headed back to the fort.

Cunning in combat. That was his name. And it was well chosen. For a long time no one connected the raids and massacres and ambushes with Crazy Bear.

Take the raid on Miller's Well. Two scouts met and talked to Crazy Bear and saw with their own eyes what appeared to be the entire tribe of Crows more than

fifty miles from Miller's Well almost at the very hour of the raid. No one in the settlement survived to tell who had attacked. Not a single Indian casualty was left behind. The arrows were Sioux, no question of that. But they might have been Dakota, Blackfoot, or Osage, or any one of a number of others.

Then there was the Salt Fork Massacre, followed by the Black Rock Ambush where a train of supply wagons and a cavalry escort were demolished. And one after another until Gen. Bates was recalled to Washington and Col. Roderick issued the order, "Seek out and engage the enemy!"

Every patrol was tense. They ceased to be routine military exercises and became deadly searching probes of the surrounding country. Whenever we saw the enemy, the earth drank blood.

Cunning in combat. No one noticed that our heaviest casualties were the officers. Within a month, seven out of a total of ten company commanders were dead. Crazy Bear knew it took leaders to fight. Soon he could count on internal squabbles and military blunders to help him.

I know, for instance, that my command over C company wasn't anything strong or durable. With Lt. James dead, I knew we would disintegrate under fire; it would be every man for himself. I couldn't find the words to assert a hold over the men. As we moved from one patrol action to the next, I dreaded what would happen when we met the enemy again.

Whatever else I expected, I was certainly unprepared to meet those Indian maidens on their ponies. In an instant C company became a shouting, howling band of sex-starved soldiers. I wasn't surprised. But I was in command, and felt responsible. And if I was going to lead them, I had to be where I could give orders, so I rode with them, punishing my mount, hoping their enthusiasm would cool.

The girls were no more than fifty yards ahead. Not a one of them ever looked back. Suddenly they spanked their ponies hard and pulled away from us. In the distance I saw why. They had fresh ponies waiting to carry them to safety. We'd never



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CHIEF CRAZY BEAR'S NUDE MAIDEN DECOY

(Continued from page 54)

catch them—and we were a long way from the fort, riding tired horses. It was nicely planned. Crazy Bear's braves could overtake us readily.

Suddenly I noticed a cloud of dust far to the right.

I maneuvered my mount beside the bugler and shouted at him to sound a halt. He laughed crazily and thrust the bugle at me.

"Sound it!" I screamed, and drew a bead on his middle. Maybe the men didn't hear him, but the horses did. They faltered in weary confusion. "Look for cover," I shouted. "We're going to be ambushed!" I pointed to the cloud of dust. "Warriors or I miss my guess."

"There's a rider behind us, Sergeant!"

I was surprised to see Nokuru. "Hold your fire!" I ordered. She came up fast.

"When I saw back at the rimrock it was you," she said, "I send Uwadia to tell fort. If they shall believe her, you have chance."

I SENT ONE RIDER BACK toward the fort as fast as his horse would carry him. Next I hid Nokuru in a gulley. Then we became decoys. Riding five abreast, we took an easy gait and started the long trip to meet the regiment. We had no idea how far behind us they might be or whether we would ever reach them. But we had to try.

As the Sioux drew near, we began to gallop, staying in formation, but riding hard, luring our pursuers on and on into what I hoped was a trap worthy of Crazy Bear himself. It worked. The soldier I sent back alerted Col. Roderick to deploy his forces carefully.

When I saw a notched yellow feather in the path ahead, C company did an about face, charging directly at the enemy. Too late the Indian realized he'd been flanked and cut off from the rear. Riding up behind him were seven companies of cavalry.

Crazy Bear and two of his sons were killed, the fighting strength of the Crow people was smashed in a single engagement. I took Nokuru back to Fort Dodd, afraid her people would kill her if they ever discovered her betrayal. But her sadness and grief overwhelmed her; in spite of my every effort, she mourned so deeply that she neglected to eat and sleep. She became very thin, and three weeks before we were to be married, she died of summer gripe.

(Editor's Note: The above was told in a series of letters written by the author to his brother Charles, who lived at the time in New Jersey. They recently were rediscovered in the attic of a charming old house, still in the Long family, and have been edited only enough to maintain the thread of the story.)

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THE ZIEGFELD BEAUTY AT GANGLAND'S ORGY

(Continued from page 21)



The lights below began to swim in front of my eyes and I knew that I was going to faint. The disgrace of being held in such a position and having both Big Nero and his killer stare at my upper legs—even see the kind of underwear I had on—was at that moment nothing. I couldn't help myself, I up-chucked. But, I still had the guts and determination to say, "No! Not for a thousand dollars—and you can go to hell!"

Big Nero laughed in that obscene revolting way he had—he was a huge fat Neapolitan with thick wet lips which were always rolling a cigar back and forth—and said, "Okay, Looie, drop her—let her go."

THE YEAR WAS 1923, and I was one of Flo Ziegfeld's long stemmed American beauties. Every night of the week except Sunday I paraded across the stage of a Broadway theatre in my sequins and feather boa. Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and infrequently a benefit matinee on Sunday afternoon. But, actually, I was a corn-fed kid from Iowa, blonde, and over-developed for her years. When I had been twelve years old I could've passed for sixteen, easy. That's the kind of girl I was.

I wouldn't have told this story twenty years ago, as a matter of fact I wouldn't have told it even ten years ago. But I can tell it now. Why? Well, all the participants are dead. Everyone's dead. Big Nero, his henchmen, Henrietta . . .

I know now that she was on her way down, and I was on my way up. But, in those days, I was the youngest and newest member of Flo Ziegfeld's chorus. And Henrietta was the oldest. That didn't mean to me then what it does now — I didn't realize that her magnificent breasts were beginning to sag, that her small white potbelly was wrinkled and white from dieting, that those fine blue veins in her handsome legs were varicose. To me she was like a Big Sister, tall, handsome, and magnificent and typical of all Ziegfeld's girls. She had it made, but I was only a newcomer.

That was the way I felt, but in reality I was worth much more to Ziegfeld than she—I was younger and fresher and I had many more years ahead of me. Henrietta was good for only about two years in 1923, and I could be used for another ten, before my looks and my figure began to go, too.

I remember that night in 1923. It was a Saturday night and the time was about 11:45. We had finished the show and all us girls were in the dressing room, taking off our make-up and getting out of our

spangled and befurred costumes and into our street clothes.

"Listen, kid," Henrietta said to me in her husky voice, "are you doing anything tonight?"

"No," I said truthfully, because at that time I did not have even one boy friend.

"Okay. How'd you like to make a hundred bucks?"

I hesitated. I knew, of course, that there were several ways a beautiful girl could make a hundred dollars, and while I do not mean to reflect on any of the kids that were in the chorus then, some of them did. But that wasn't my style.

"Henrietta, I don't want to do anything wrong."

"Honey," Henrietta said, and she was pained, "you don't have to do anything wrong. I know these guys and they are giving this big party out on Long Island and they need some girls. It's kind of a business convention. You go along and have a few drinks and they pay you a hundred dollars. Sally and Viola and Thelma and Hollie and Beatrice are all going. Aw, come on, Arlene—make it a party."

"But I don't have anything to wear," I said.

"Kid, I'll let you have my new lavender."

It was a beautiful dress, and more than once I had wanted to try it on. I was more than tempted, I said yes. But I didn't know what I was getting into.

BIG NERO'S MEN picked us up at the stage door in Rolls Royces, but I roared out to Old Saybrook with his number one gunman Looie in a Stutz Bearcat. All I remember about the ride now was that it was cold and snowing and I kept sneezing and Looie kept feeling my thigh.

I was glad to get to the party. At least it was warm inside the big mansion and I could get away from Looie—I thought. It was my idea that the party and the dancing and drinking would go on until about four o'clock in the morning and then everything would break up and us girls would be paid off and we could go home. That was what I thought, but that wasn't what happened.

Big Nero was not his real name. It was not even his real nickname. (Even now I am afraid to say what it was.) And he did not operate in the New York metropolitan area. But when he wanted to have fun and give a party he always came to New York. He had connections here.

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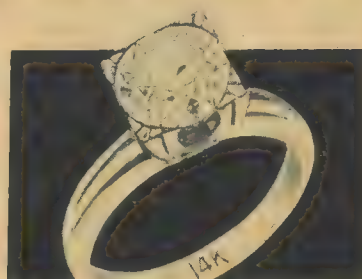
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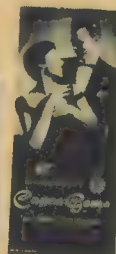
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trance were over a mile long. Of course, in the winter they were silent and covered with snow. But the golden French doors were blazing with light and color and sound, and inside—on the first floor—all the furniture had been removed and several hundred people were dancing and drinking at the bar. The only thing that was served was imported French champagne and the only music that was played was jazz.

Imagine this scene. Over a hundred of New York's most beautiful girls in the short formal gowns of that period in every color of the rainbow—blondes, brunettes, and red heads, and no two of them alike, tall and short, thin and plump. The floors waxed to a shining brilliance, and large vases of flowers everywhere you looked. All the so-called gentlemen in evening dress, and the band blaring out with a gutty trumpet the favorite tunes of the times.

Big Nero had one peculiarity. Now, today, we would say that he had something wrong with him psychologically. But in those days we just said he was peculiar. Big Nero didn't like girls, and he was always playing what we called practical jokes.

As soon as I entered the mansion and Looie had taken my wrap I excused myself to go powder my nose. This was the first intimation I had of Big Nero's cruelty, because the basin and the water faucets in the girl's bathroom on the lower floor had been wired with electricity. Whenever a girl washed her hands she got a terrific shock, and I was quite shaken for several minutes and had to lie down and have an aspirin.

When I went back to the main drawing room—where everyone was dancing and having fun—Looie was waiting for me with a couple of glasses in his hand.

"No, thank you," I said. "I don't drink."
"Aw, come on," he said. "Live a little."
"No, I really don't," I said. "But I would go for a little orange juice."

"Well, there ain't any," he said. "Drink this."

It was my first taste of champagne, and I liked it.

He looked at me from under his heavy bushy eyebrows. "I could go for you," he said. "You've got it."

"Aw, come off it," I said. "Leave me alone."

"Naw, I meant what I said," he said. "I ain't just kidding around. You're very well built."

"Well, thank you very much," I said as coldly as I could manage.

"What do you think, I'm kidding or something?" he said. "I meant what I said. I go for you. Whatever I go for I get."

"Twenty three skidoo," I said, and strolled off.

I wanted the hundred dollars, but I was going to make it in my own way—or not at all.

I walked away from him and mingled with the other guests. They were all New York show girls, or else they were men who worked for Big Nero in one capacity or another. It made me feel a little cynical to stand there and watch them. The men had the money, and all the girls wanted it—they were not interested in the men, as

men, at all. And the only way the men could get the girls was by using their money, in one way or another.

BUT, BIG NERO was the man to watch that night. He was not a tall man, he was short and squat, but he had the shoulders and chest of a gorilla; I could imagine his thick body covered with ugly black hair. He had been barbered and manicured until he gleamed like he had been varnished, but he was still repulsive to me.

I noticed that every now and then one of the girls would leave the dance floor and ascend the long curving marble stairs to the bedrooms above. But, it didn't mean anything to me at the time.

I was mostly interested in the actions of Big Nero, and the "jokes" he was playing.

It was about three o'clock in the morning at this point and many of the dancers had become exhausted and had dropped down on the various settees around the large drawing room and fallen asleep. Big Nero was going around the room initiating them to the hot-foot. I had never seen it done before but a match was inserted by Big Nero between the sole of the shoe and the upper part, usually in the vicinity of the instep which is the most tender part. Then, with his cigarette lighter, he would ignite the match and stand back and watch.

The poor victim. The match would burn down, getting hotter and hotter, and at last become unbearably hot. The sleeper would jump to his feet, wide awake, with a curse—but since it was Big Nero, his boss, he could not say anything, but only laugh.

"You sure fooled me, boss," he would say ruefully, and grin.

And Big Nero would laugh, "Ha, ha, ha," like some animal deep in the jungle.

I thought it was disgusting; it sickened me.

He did many other things that were similar. Pails of water were placed on the top of half-opened doors—anyone who went through got a splashing. The darker bedrooms on the second and third floors of the mansion had marbles on the floor. Big Nero put lighted firecrackers in the jacket pockets of his men guests. And he laughed and laughed and laughed, in a maniacal bubbling way.

It was six o'clock in the morning and just getting light when I hunted up Henrietta. She was necking behind a potted palm with a man at least five years younger than herself, perhaps ten.

"Excuse me," I said. "But listen, let's get our dough and get out of here."

"You been upstairs yet?" she said.

Even then I didn't get it.

"Hey, kid. Hey, cutie." It was Looie, calling to me. He had been drinking champagne all evening and he was quite drunk.

"Go away," I said.

He laughed at me. "I ain't going away. I ain't going away at all."

He had his hand around my wrist and he dragged me through the downstairs section of the mansion to Big Nero who had just put lighter fluid in the punch bowl.

"Hey," Looie said. "I want to ask a question."

"Okay. So ask," Big Nero said.

"I'm attracted to this dame, but she says no."

Big Nero looked at me and laughed. His huge belly bobbed up and down. "No?" he said.

"You can go to hell—" I started.

He hit me with the back of his hand. I do not think he hit me very hard, but it was hard enough to send me flying across the floor of the room on my back. Big Nero thought that was very funny.

"Get up, doll. We're having breakfast at the — Hotel."

SUNDAY WAS A NIGHTMARE. There were only about twelve to fifteen of us who drove in through the grey light of early Sunday morning to the suite at the hotel, who ate the scrambled eggs and drank the coffee, and who began again to drink the champagne.

I knew that I had to get away. Looie made me physically sick, but wherever I turned there he was, saying, "Well, how about it? How about now?"

Henrietta told me, "It'll only take you a sec."

And Big Nero stood and laughed at me, shaking all over.

It was midnight Sunday night when it happened. Looie had followed me around the suite all day, with his nose to the ground, and finally he said, "Listen, kid, this is it."

"No!" I said.

"Boss," he said to Big Nero. "What do I do?"

Big Nero laughed. "Hang her out the window. Give her a choice."

I had not believed that a person could move so fast. Almost before I knew what was happening Looie had picked me up, thrown open the window, and holding me by only my left ankle hung me head down out of the window of the hotel suite over the streets of Manhattan. All Central Park was spread out beneath my nose for me to view, and—it seemed—all of the hard killing cement of Manhattan.

"No!" I said. "Not for a thousand dollars!"

"Okay, Looie, drop her—let her go!"

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME NOW, because that happened in 1923 when I was a young girl. But I can still remember waking up in that suite in the — Hotel on the next Monday morning, the Monday after that Sunday night, and looking for Henrietta's lavender dress, the one with the beads across the bust. I realized, then, that while I was being held out the window by one ankle I had fainted—and I realized what had happened after I had fainted, because it was obvious to me because of the way I felt.

I got up from the bed and hobbled across the room on sore muscles—the suite was deserted, only the over-flowing ashtrays remained, the dirty glasses. All I wanted was to get out of there, and run.

When I put on my shoes, my silver dancing pumps, there was something in the left one. A piece of paper, and a piece of currency.

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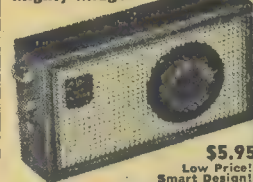
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Luisita

(Continued from page 21)

two o'clock, waiting for me to call—I handle petty matters of that kind for Mr. Mickle." She gave a malicious laugh. "And I pay the girls out of petty cash."

"Secretary and procuress—Mr. Mickle expects a lot for the hundred a week he pays you, doesn't he?" Luisita drawled. "I can see where you can pick up a little petty cash for yourself, though, by holding out when you pay the girls. I'll have to ask Mr. Mickle what I should receive. I'd hate to be cheated."

Gail Coolidge flushed. "You do and you'll wish you hadn't."

"I guessed right, did I?" Luisita laughed. A buzzer sounded and Gail Coolidge gestured toward the inner office with an angry toss of her sleek brown head. "I'll find out what I've got coming without getting you in trouble," Luisita promised sweetly as she rose and went toward Mr. Mickle's office.

Adam Mickle sat behind a kidney-shaped desk in an office which might have been a movie set. There was a vast sofa covered with the fur of leopards. At one end of the big room was a well-stocked bar.

"Drink?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Two cocktails before dinner is all I allow myself. You didn't build all those things," she ventured, "by drinking at two in the afternoon."

"Nope. I drink when I've got the day in. At two—at two twenty-eight," he corrected, glancing at the watch on his thick hairy wrist, "I make love. Until three." Rising, he led the way to the immense leopard sofa.

LUISITA followed, coolly observing him as he removed his spectacles and laid them on the glass cocktail table. He was such an ugly, crude little man. She hoped she would be able to like him enough to make this bearable. Not right now but later, when the right moment should have arrived. For she had an idea it would be good for him to meet a girl whom he could not possess so . . . transiently. And it would be better for that girl than for the ordinary girls who came every day.

"Well, come on." He loosened his tie from its careless knot. "Goddam, honey, I can't wait to see you on this bitch-cat of a couch."

"Here?" She moved a little away from him. "I thought . . . well, of course I hoped . . . I mean, you're so strong and—male . . . but here?"

Narrowing his steel-colored eyes he reached for his spectacles. "The cab fare wasn't enough?"

"More than enough for cab fare." She laughed. "And I didn't think you asked me here today to bring you the change."

"So what's wrong with here?"

"You're not the kind who requires ex-



planations," she said with careful gravity. "Even when you told me your name last night, I didn't know who you were. But when you first came in, I thought 'Big Shot, used to ordering people around, used to having his own way.' I thought—"

"Hey, wait a minute! Am I a bully?"

"No. After you talked to me just a few seconds, I knew that whoever you were, you had worked up the hard way—you, yourself, all by yourself." She was on the right track, she thought, seeing him nod as one corner of the wide, long-lipped mouth tucked up into a faint grin. "I knew the—the arrogance was a pose for the people who are impressed by that sort of thing, who think that's the way you should be because you're rich. For the people who'd be disappointed if they knew you're really gentle and—oh, sort of sensitive. That you're not so much the kind who wants things to be the most expensive, as you are the kind who wants things to be the best."

"For a little Mex broad, you've got quite a line," Adam Mickle said.

All right, you are Mex and you're not going to get mad, she told herself. "Line—that's when someone tells you something not true to make you feel good," she said. "You'll think I'm stupid not to be sure. I'm not always too sure of Anglo slang. I went to school with Anglos, but I never spent much time with them. They're snobs, you know." This crude little man would have experienced snobbishness, she guessed shrewdly. "No, I have no line. If I said something wrong, I'm sorry."

"Unnh." Adam Mickle glanced at his watch. "So what's wrong with here, except that now I haven't the time?"

"Everything's wrong. In the first place, I like you very much and I would be very unhappy here." She gestured distastefully at the gaudy leopard divan. "In the second place, you don't really like the cheap and ugly. You like to be happy, nicely." She started pulling on her gloves. "I'm sorry if I wasted your time and upset your schedule." She smiled and blinked and shook her head ruefully. "I'm sorry I was

stupid and didn't understand."

He tightened the knot of his tie, then went to his desk and picked up a pen. "Address and telephone number?" She told him. "Except when I'm out of town, have to speak at some fool banquet or entertain customers, I always dine with my wife. I'll call you tonight; I don't know exactly what time." He looked at his watch again. "Damn you, Luisita Sanchez, you've made me three minutes late for my next appointment. Get out of here."

SHE didn't hurry to the door and he stopped her before she got there. "I'm a damned fool but thank God I can afford to be." He crammed a bill into her hand. "Cab fare. Shoes are expensive. I don't want my girls wearing 'em out walking to the street car."

"Thanks." She stuffed the bill into her left glove. "You're four minutes late for your appointment. *Hasta luego.*"

In the outer office she lingered until the waiting man had been ushered into Adam Mickle's office. Then she held out her right hand to Gail Coolidge.

"Out of the petty cash, I think you said," she murmured humbly.

"Very petty." Gail Coolidge opened a desk drawer, took two tens and a five and slapped them into Luisita's hand. "There. Who sent you here?"

"Why?"

"Because if you're smart you'll only turn in your commission on twenty. For ten years now I've called girls from every call flat in town for Mr. Mickle. They all think he pays only twenty. Don't louse up my little racket, or I'll see that he never manages to get hold of you again."

Luisita, who liked no women particularly, hated this chic, mean-eyed snip. "I'm not a call girl. And I'll never be back here."

Gail Coolidge looked pleased. "That's him," she taunted. "Use 'em once, then throw 'em away like a paper cup."

"*Estupido!*" snapped Luisita. She took the bill from her glove—it was another hundred—and slapped it beneath Gail Coolidge's long narrow nose. "Plus twenty dollars, and the five dollars you would have stolen from a stupider girl. No, and you'll not dare to tell him I outsmarted you for that petty cash. Because if you tell him, I'll tell him you've been cheating honest whores for ten years, and I don't think Adam Mickle likes cheats. Call me 'paper cup,' you—you *solterona!*"

"Don't you call me dirty Spanish names," Gail Coolidge shrilled as Luisita departed furiously.

She was laughing by the time she stepped into a taxi. "Wells Fargo Bank," she directed the cabby and relaxed luxuriously back against the seat. Adam Mickle—it was a harsh unmelodious name, but it ran through her mind soothingly. Money; he had so much of it. He was married, but he'd said "his girl." He was coming to see her tonight, and this was just the beginning. She would not let him tire of her as he tired of the cheap twenty-five dollar girls.

When she'd made her bank deposit she called Manny Campos and quit her job. If Adam Mickle was a fool (which he

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most certainly was not), he was a nice one, and thank God he could afford it.

IT WAS nearly eight. There was not food in the house and Luisita had not dared leave the phone long enough to dine or shop; besides, she was too excited to be hungry. Time had crawled by.

The doorbell rang. When she had admitted Adam Mickle she put the chain on the door, followed him as he looked into the bathroom, the kitchen, the bedroom, the living room and there turned to face her. His large bald head tilted to one side, he stared at Luisita, his eyes keen and quizzical behind the heavily framed spectacles. Then his gaze softened and a smile warmed the big heavy-featured face until it was less ugly.

"Come here to me," he said softly in his deep voice. "By God, I want to own you, beautiful."

She gave herself to the strength of his embrace, shaken by an unfamiliar uncertainty, by humility. Strong... he was strong, this small giant of a man. She wanted desperately to be owned by him, to be his property. If only he would care for her, she would give him all gratitude and fidelity.

"I love you," she whispered and very nearly meant it.

He uttered a strangled sort of grunt, lifted her and carried her to the bedroom.

In his shirt sleeves, Adam Mickle sat on the sofa and lighted a long thin cigar. "Any decent whisky in the house? None at all? Call out for some."

When the delivery boy came, Adam Mickle followed him to the kitchen, paid him and dismissed him. With a great slamming of cupboard doors he found glasses; with a clattering of ice cube trays and a shishing of siphon, he mixed drinks.

"Keep this stuff on hand from now on. Get some decent highball glasses tomorrow, and a two-ounce shot glass. I like two ounces in a tall glass, three ice cubes and the rest soda. Oh, yes, and buy me a robe and slippers. Sometimes I'll just dash in and out again, but when I have time I'll want to lounge around and be comfortable. Now, let's figure out a deal, you and me. You want to quit that two-bit job of yours?"

"Yes. Unfortunately, I can't afford to quit."

"Yes, you can. Or I can, rather. You can scrape along on a thousand a month, can't you?"

A thousand a month! Her heart clenched, then exploded like a bursting star. A thousand a month!

"You're... oh, you're sweet."

"I'll be damned if I am," he grinned. "I'm Adam Mickle. When I see something I want, I buy it. I want you, I'm buying you. You think it's a break for you. I hope it is. As my property, you'll do as I say. I don't share my possessions, so there'll be no sweet-man sneaking in when the Old Man leaves. There'll be no chipping on the side—by you, I mean I want that understood. If you can't hold to it, say so now. Because if I find out—and I will, I always find everything out—I'll fire you

just as I'd fire any disloyal employee."

"Employee." She sighed, not wanting it that way. She wanted to be loved.

"Better get used to the way I look at things, Luisita. I'm crazy about you but I'm not in love with you. I'm hiring you to make me happy a few hours a week. Any time you fall down on the job, you're fired." He chuckled and squeezed her hand. "I won't work you as hard as I'd like to. I'm too busy. Now tell me, what will you do with your spare time? You'll have a lot of it, you'll get bored."

"Oh, no, not bored." She smiled dreamily. "First I'll find a nicer apartment. And I'll shop for dresses and things. Take singing lessons, maybe piano lessons. Make myself beautiful and wait for you to call. And . . . oh, just be happy."

"And spend every dime I give you."

"I? Not I! You'll be surprised at how much I'll save," she said seriously. "I saved a little when I only made fifteen a week back home."

"Smart girl. I like smart girls." He rose. "There'll be a check in tomorrow's mail. I'll drop around about two o'clock, so be here. When you get that new apartment, get something even closer to my office if you can. I don't have time to waste getting places."

She nodded. "Yes, Adam. I—I do love you, do you mind? Not just for the money, either, but because . . . well, I will be glad when it is tomorrow and two o'clock."

"Hah!" he snorted, but he grinned and left her.

She roamed the apartment in restless excitement. A thousand a month, all for her! It was incredible. She'd known it would happen, that it was worth waiting for, even when it had seemed forever and away into the future.

As to cheating on him—no girl in her right mind would forfeit a thousand dollars a month merely to entertain herself.

Suddenly intensely weary, she hurried to the bedroom, stripped and lay beneath the cool sheets. Adam . . . he was lover enough. He was not young. He was gross and ugly, but . . . she shivered and stretched voluptuously, thinking about the ugly, fat, rich, wicked, wonderful little man.

AT TWENTY Luisita was lonely, bored, and very tired of Adam Mickle.

Of late he was more frequently out of town. He still rarely told her he would be away, but out of boredom these days she skimmed the newspapers more thoroughly; his trips, when of political or industrial importance, were newsworthy. However, knowledge of his absence increased her freedom insignificantly. Mickle Industries had its own air fleet; today Adam might be flown across the continent and back again tomorrow. For fear of his unannounced presence, she dared indulge in no mouse-play.

A tremendous moment, this achievement of security. If she could not have a wealthy husband whom she could truly love, to be kept by a rich old man was a splendid second best. The lack of love was bearable when she had so much else: leisure, comfort, security, her growing bank account (oh, the darling ten thou-

sand dollar goal met and passed!); her future assured, never again the need to worry.

And yet why wasn't she happy? She'd always had faith that this day would come, but she had expected happiness to be a part of it. She was merely pleased—and bored, so damnably bored.

With Adam not due back till Monday, she wandered down to visit Marcella. Marcella greeted her cordially.

"How nice, dear! Meet Chuckie—Miss Chuckie Harris, Miss Luisita Sanchez. Chuckie moved in the other day, down the hall from you. She goes on calls. It's all right, Chuckie, Luisita understands. She has one very nice friend who takes care of her."

"Lucky you. Wish some old daddy'd adopt me." She was a small green-eyed girl; her cute-ugly face, framed in cropped bleached curls, had the merry appeal of a friendly monkey's.

"No, you don't," Luisita said gloomily. "It's like being in jail."

"Boy, couldn't I play the horses if I had your setup!" Chuckie shook her blonde head. "It's tough, though, being cooped up. Why don't you sneak out on a few calls? Make yourself a spare buck and see a human face once in a while."

"And lose Adam? I'm not crazy."

"Silly, he'd never know. You could—woops, there's the phone." Her hand shot out and scooped it up. "Oh, h'lo, Daisy. No, not a thing. Sure, Room 1207 at the Sherwin . . . Hey, this isn't a double date by any chance? It is? Good. I've got this girlfriend—"

"No," said Luisita sharply. "Honestly, Chuckie, I wouldn't dare."

"Wait a minute, Daisy." Chuckie turned from the phone. "Don't be a jerk."

"Well . . . all right."

"I've got this girlfriend," said Chuckie briskly. "A knockout, Spanish, her name's, uh, Lola. Yeah, I know you never use a girl you haven't seen, but Lola's . . . I know, I know, but . . . Daisy, don't get sore, but if she's good enough for Adam Mickle she's sure good enough for ordinary guys . . . Yeah, I know he does. But he keeps this one, pays all her expenses, she don't see anybody but him." There was a brief silence. "Uh huh, I thought that'd make it different. Okay, me and Lola'll leave right away." She hung up. "Honest, that high-hat Daisy! Hurry and change your clothes, baby, you're busting out of jail."

BY MONDAY when Adam returned to town, Luisita had been on half a dozen dates. She was ashamed of herself; seventy-five dollars wasn't much for having gone to bed with half a dozen men. Still, none of them had been repulsive. One had been an absolute honey, he'd taken her dining and dancing in a swell nightclub, then to the Top o' the Mark for a nightcap. It certainly had broken the monotony. And seventy-five dollars was, after all, seventy-five dollars . . .

Adam had not stayed long this afternoon. Refusing his customary drinks—he had to speak at some damned meeting

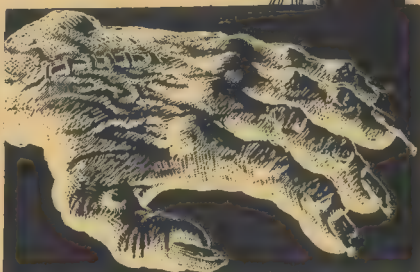
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tonight; he'd do his drinking when he'd said his piece—he'd hurried away, saying "S'long, be seeing you." As if she were just any girl, fumed Luisita, as if she were a dog he threw a bone to when he remembered.

The phone whirled its muted buzz. She hesitated, then decided it might be Chuckie with her daily gossip, and answered.

"Lola? Daisy. Jump into your prettiest and scoot down to the Castle."

"I'm sorry, Daisy. I'm going shopping." It was gratifying to be financially independent of these greedy women.

"It's the furniture men's convention. A local big shot has asked me to send my nicest girls. You're not to ask anyone for money; he'll foot the entire bill. However," Daisy conspired, "what Mr. Big Shot doesn't know won't hurt him, so you wangle all you can from these guys. If you don't come home with a couple hundred extra you're not the girl I think you are."

A couple of hundred extra. And with no way for Daisy to know just how much extra, just how much commission she had coming...

"The east wing of the Castle's second floor?" said Luisita. "Right."

SHE CAME out of the hotel bedroom with a good-natured manufacturer from Cleveland named Detwiler. Not knowing the girls were on the house, he had been generous. So had the two before him. His arm about her, he steered her to the big room where the bar was set up, left her to get her a drink. So many prosperous-looking men, she gloated as she looked about the crowded room. She would ditch Mr. Detwiler gracefully, then stroll around looking alluringly available. She would do better than a couple of hundred if she worked fast.

Mr. Detwiler was about to hand her a highball when his gaze went past her shoulder. "H, y'ole walrus, been wondering when you'd show up," he yelled. "C'mere, want you to meet the hottest little gal that ever tossed a torso. Adam, meet Eve."

She stood numb, blinded, deafened by shock. Slowly sound became audible again. She forced open her eyelids. She saw Adam's shoes, pebbly scotch grain; his thick legs in the gray suit with the little red zigzags in the fabric. She knew a second's slashing panic: *Before he threw her out he would take all her money.* Then she knew that for an impossibility; it was safe in the bank, he could not touch her money. The hell with Adam Mickle!

But she never managed to raise her eyes above his tie.

"Put your key in your pocket, Detwiler. I ordered the whores for you fellows, not me," Adam Mickle boomed.

She called Daisy Gibbs when she got home. "Why did you send me to the Castle?" she asked dully. "You knew Adam Mickle is—was keeping me. You knew he'd be there."

Daisy laughed. "You finally met that certain man I've been saving you for, did you, Lola? Lola Luisita Sanchez?"

Why had Chuckie told Daisy her real name? Or had she? "Who are you?" she

stammered.

"Remember Gail Coolidge?"

"Adam's secretary..."

"Not any more. I'm much more successful with a call flat." Her voice hardened. "I'm Daisy Gibbs now and doing beautifully, thanks. You shouldn't have called me dirty names in Spanish, darling."

Luisita called her several dirty names in English so she'd be sure to understand, and hung up.

Ah, what matter! He was an old fool, ugly and selfish, she could not possibly have stood him much longer. Not even for his money, and that was all he had—money. Lots of men had that. Lots of men, nice men, not fat ugly little apes.

BUT NO ONE'S luck could be always bad. Chuckie had reminded her of that one night a few weeks ago after another day when their phones had not rung.

"Let's go to the Islands," she suggested suddenly. "Our luck's due for a change to good. The Frisco guys are tired of our fair white bodies? So what! There's big money in the Islands."

"So I've heard. Servicemen, at three dollars a copy. And Orientals." Luisita wrinkled her nose. "What do you think I am?"

"A whore, sweetie," Chuckie responded cheerfully. "Even when you were with Adam. A whore with one trick's no better than any other kind, just luckier. You've been going on calls for about two years now, which sure don't make you the Virgin Queen, by any means. Listen, honey, at Kathryn Divoll's in the Islands, fifty bucks is the *least* you'll make in a day, the *least*. And on Paydays—wowie! I oughta know, I worked there."

"If it's so good, why did you leave?"

"You think being kept is like jail? They got a million rules over there, and the cops enforce 'em." Chuckie ticked off points on her fingers. "You can't go to Waikiki or any of the good hotels or restaurants, you can't have a boyfriend, you can't stay out late. You can't send money to the Mainland without permission from the landlady—you can take it when you leave, but you can't send it. You can't—hell, just think of something you might like to do, and in the Islands you can't if you're a hustler. But money? Girl, you make it."

Luisita picked up a pencil and multiplied 365 by 50. It came out \$18,250... But to work in an out-and-out whorehouse? So, many men—Good God, to make fifty, you'd have to turn about thirty-five tricks a day...

"It ain't as bad as you think," Chuckie assured her. "Most of those guys are half-laid when they walk in the joint, just thinking about it... Orientals? They got a separate parlor for them. You don't have to take 'em if you don't want to. They wouldn't go for you, anyway; they like blondes—I get along with 'em real good..."

No Orientals, then. And—she was, after all, beautiful—she could refuse anything under five dollars. Twenty men, fifty dollars; that was better. Bad, but better... Eighteen thousand. Two years, \$36,000.



The BIG FAT FLAME

by Harry Mayer

As told to him by

Colonel Fred P. Dollenberg

We were stuck in the busy mid-Manhattan street. Behind us the traffic piled bumper to bumper, horns screeching indignantly. The colonel leaned over to our cab driver. "What's wrong?" he asked.

The cabbie pointed with his cigarette to the car in front, "Look."

We did. The car ahead of us—a shiny 1959 model—had stalled and the starter clattered endlessly with that empty metallic sound that you know in advance is not going to make the motor catch. Twisting the ignition key in helpless fury, the unfortunate motorist at the same time was exchanging uncomplimentary opinions with the drivers of the vehicles snarled behind him. At length he piled out of the car, wrenched at the hood, and looked fiercely at the inert engine. To no one in particular, but as though to vindicate himself to his tormenters, he shouted: "I just know it's those damned spark plugs. Only two thousand miles and already they're shot!"

Startled, I turned to my companion. "Colonel," I demanded, "is this a plant?" He stared back at me, then he got it and he began to laugh. So did I, in a moment, and there we were in this taxicab, stalled between skyscrapers and going no place, roaring as though we'd never stop.

Spark plugs! That was the joke. The colonel and I were on our way to his downtown office where I was scheduled to interview him for a magazine story. The subject—spark plugs.

You see, Col. Fred Dollenberg is the inventor and manufacturer of a device which is designed to allow automobiles to run without spark plugs!

Later, sitting in his top floor office, with the drapes parted to reveal the exciting lower Manhattan skyline, I got a more leisurely look at the colonel. I wondered and asked about his smashed nose,—the war maybe?—and he smiled and said no, just an opposing tackle with a very hard head. Dollenberg was an All-American mention at St. Joseph's in Philadelphia before he joined the Army Air Force as an engineer immediately after graduation. After war was declared against Japan and Germany, he saw enough action to later receive the Inquirer Hero Award as Philadelphia's most decorated flyer, succeeding a similar award to Marine hero Al (Pride of the Marines) Schmid. For a time he was personal pilot for Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Evidently there was considerable brilliance to this young fighter; he started the climb up to the brain brass, and some of the military manuals he was charged with preparing are still used by the Air Force. (Only part of this did I drag out of Dollenberg. Indeed it was a newspaper file which informed me that the colonel was a triple ace!)

It was while Dollenberg was in command of a task force of seasoned P-40 pilots that a grim incident took place which set the then Capt. Dollenberg off on his restless search for perfection. A young ace, coming in safe and sound from a mission where he had gone through murderous enemy fire, never made it to his safe hut a few hundred yards away. He nosed a bit too low—no engine power to get the plane up quickly—and the trees that lay just short of the runway

caught the plane and pilot and crashed both. Dollenberg was horrified at the accident and at the paralysis of fatalism that seemed to settle on the shoulders of officers and enlisted men alike in the face of a tragedy so senseless. . . . After all, it seemed to say, it is true, isn't it, that more planes are lost through engine failure than are brought down by the Japs? You had to expect such things—and accept them. . . . But Dollenberg couldn't accept it. Not when the cause of this type of accident could be ripped out of the engine.

"Plug failure?" I asked. He nodded, shortly. "This tragedy and others, too. Too many others. Did you know that spark plugs were invented more than 40 years ago for engines whose limit was 20 miles an hour? These very same spark plugs—and that they haven't been changed an iota since? Can you imagine a 2000 horsepower motor depending for ignition on a skinny little spark that had been intended to help



"The spark plug was invented more than 40 years ago. For the last 20 years it has not been doing an adequate job. The U. S. Navy and Air Force knew this only too well. I was commissioned to replace the spark plug with a modern efficient ignition system. I succeeded—with the Lectra Fuel Igniter. The Navy accepted it and took the spark plugs out of their aircraft replacing them with the prototype of our Lectra Fuel Igniter. Today this extraordinary invention is replacing spark plugs in tens of thousands of automobiles throughout the country. By 1961 every car made will carry fuel igniters not spark plugs" . . . Col. Fred P. Dollenberg, U. S. Air Force, from a speech at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, January 8, 1958.

Grandpa toot around the square on a Sunday afternoon? Well, that's what these boys had under their P-40 hoods." The accident had started him off on his search, I supposed, and again he nodded. It hasn't been an easy journey. Apathy, defeatism—a young enthusiasm will always encounter these. I've done many success interviews, and it's a rare success that has been a joy ride. Dollenberg spent long hours off duty working on the problem of the antiquated spark plug, but when the war ended he still hadn't cracked it. Returning to a young wife and family the colonel organized a non-scheduled commercial airline and operated it for 3 million miles, even introducing gliders for the first time in commercial aviation.

If it hadn't been for some weight-throwing on the part of one of the larger airlines which had begun to smart under the irritating competition it was getting from the Dollenberg outfit, the young man would undoubtedly have succeeded in commercial aviation and this particular story wouldn't have been written. But as it was, Dollenberg was forced out of business on the sort of technicality that somehow seems always to crop out against the small business, not the big. He had to sell.

Well, there he was—with a little money left from the debacle, a family, and a living to make for them. He turned his attention once more to the anachronism of modern engines—the spark plug. Starting again from scratch, he reviewed the problem.

"It's really quite simple," said Col. Dollenberg. "An engine provides power for a vehicle because gasoline, sprayed into the cylinder, is ignited by a spark. When ignited the gasoline burns pushing the piston down into the cylinder. The more complete the burning of the gas the more force in the cylinder. The more force, the more power. Obviously, therefore, the larger the spark the more gas ignited and burned. What we were after was a much larger spark, a big, fat flame!"

"And the conventional spark plug can't provide it?"

"No, it cannot. Every mechanic knows that."

"And the kid in the plane?"

"The P-40? What killed him was insufficient fire—a spark too skinny to ignite sufficient gas to give the engine instant power to climb up and over those trees."

"Why can't the spark plug give a fat spark?" I persisted.

The colonel spoke simply. "Because of its basic design. Every spark plug has an air gap—.025 to .035 of an inch—and the spark is no larger than the gap. No larger did I say? Only when the plugs are brand new is the spark even as large! Carbon forming immediately as the plug is put into use begins fouling, then ruining, the tip. The thin wire electrodes begin to wear away. The danger—and enormous expense—of this obsolete mechanism lies in these factors."

The answer to the spark plug was an igniter which had no airgap—which contained no wire electrodes—whose tip would not foul—which would not blow out even at the highest compressions . . . which would never need a replacement for the life of the motor.

Colonel Dollenberg went to Washington.

The Navy didn't accept him with open arms. The principle—fine! Let's see it work. And Dollenberg made it work. After the most exhaustive tests, he knew he was in. . . . Out went the spark plugs. The LS-702 Prototype was approved for (Continued on next page)

HOW MOTORISTS ARE SAVING \$100 A YEAR

	SPARK PLUGS	LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS	SAVINGS
Cleaning	several times	never	\$10 per year
Gapping	a year		
Replacing			
Gas Consumption	600 gallons	465 gallons	\$40 per year
Additional cost of premium gas	\$50 a year	not a cent	\$50 per year
		TOTAL SAVINGS	= \$100 per year

U. S. Navy jet engine use; the Air Force followed suit.

If that had been it, it still would have made a good story—the revolutionary change that a former fighter pilot had effected in military aircraft. But that wasn't all. Dollenberg turned to the field of automobiles.

For more than 40 years the old-fashioned spark plug had been the standard gas igniter for every car made. During that time engine power had soared from less than 20 horse to more than 300. Every year the puny spark plug with its skinny little flame became less able to do its job. The new high compression engines were now burning out spark plugs in a few thousand miles of driving. In 1957 Americans paid more than 500 million dollars merely to replace worn-out spark plugs. To provide what spark plugs could not do, the big oil companies began to produce super and then super-super gas—at super prices! Not only were car owners spending a huge sum for plugs each year—they were also spending a fortune in premium gas for the privilege of keeping spark plugs in their engines. And even at that they were not getting their money's worth, as the new cars they bought very soon became sluggish ones.

If ever there was a call for a modern, efficient ignition mechanism to go with the modern automobile, this was it. Dollenberg heard the call. He marketed the LECTRA FUEL IGNITER!

There were problems. Little ones like designing the igniter in the same size and shape as the conventional spark plug they were to replace. And big ones such as getting a small voice heard in the towering wilderness of the Detroit automobile kingdom. Dollenberg was helped by the shrewdness of fleet operators whose business depended upon efficiency and economy. Taxicabs running triple-shift around the clock installed the Fuel Igniter and reported a 10-20% increased gas mileage per car! Truck owners followed suit—and then the motorist. In less than 12 months, sales of the Lectra Fuel Igniter zoomed into the million dollar stratosphere!

I asked Dollenberg about the Lectra advertising claim that had jolted motorists all over the country. "Colonel, you've made the guarantee that LECTRA FUEL IGNITER will save a car owner \$100 a year or that you will take back the igniters and refund their money. How do you arrive at that one hundred dollars figure?"

"It's based on the average of 10,000 miles of driving in one year. First there will be a saving of from \$10 to \$12 a year in eliminating spark-plug cleaning, gapping, and adjusting at 5,000 miles, replacement at 10,000 miles."

"Does that mean that the Fuel Igniter will need no cleaning or replacing for a whole year?"

"It means that the Fuel Igniter will never have to be cleaned or replaced! I

mean that we guarantee that it will outlast the life of any car! Not only that: we are also guaranteeing that the Fuel Igniter will squeeze up to 6—maybe 8—more miles out of every gallon of gas purchased the first year and every year—or we will replace them free until they do. That's a saving of \$40 per year. And it will do this using regular gas—economy gas—not the super gas bought at such walloping prices. That means a saving of \$50 each year. And the Igniters will do this every year of the car's life—they improve with age. They never wear out!"

As Dollenberg talked I drew up a chart. You can see it at the top of this page.

I said to Dollenberg, "Colonel, to a person like myself—a guy who drives a car well but knows next to nothing about its mechanism—who's always felt the car runs better after it's had a wash—how will I know right away I've really got something after I've switched from spark plugs to Fuel Igniters?"

The colonel twinkled at me in sympathy. "I've always felt it a pity they don't teach mechanics to all school children. I think I know just how you feel. Anyway—very seriously—please listen to this: The first time you press the starter after you've installed the Igniters (very simple—by the way), you'll hear and feel an instant clean throb of the starter and an immediate even roar of the engine. I tell you, you'll be astonished. Even on the coldest morning you'll get a thrill, listening to your motor kicking over instantly and then settling quickly into a smooth purr. As for stalling in traffic, like that fellow did this afternoon, that won't happen to you. Stalling is almost always traceable to a faulty spark—and the Igniter will not fault. Climbing and passing? Even a big 325 horsepower car can and does falter on a hill or when it tries to pass if suddenly the spark plugs aren't burning sufficient gas. That won't happen to you. Instead you'll climb and pass more swiftly than you've ever known because you'll be burning gas, not wasting it. You've heard about the simple exhaust test? Try it. First, with the spark plugs in place, let the engine idle and stuff a ball of white absorbent cotton into the mouth of the exhaust. It will come out soaking with unused gasoline. Then try it with Igniters replacing the plugs. The cotton ball will be almost dry. The gas burned instead of escaping through the exhaust. Or here's something else. Again with spark plugs in the car go into gear—or in drive if you have an automatic transmission. Don't touch the accelerator. Now note how much the car moves forward—if at all. Then unscrew the plugs and put back the Igniters. If you stood still with spark plugs you'll move forward from 4 to 6 miles an hour with the Igniters while not touching the gas pedal! The gas that was required with spark plugs in your car merely to idle your motor without being able to move it forward, carries you forward up to six miles an hour with Igniters in the engine! One more final thing—with spark plugs a car must be looked over and adjusted several times a year. You know that from your own experience. But can you appreciate the concept of never, never having to remove or change spark plugs because you don't carry any? The concept of Fuel Igniters becoming permanent installations in your engine—for the life of your engine?"

"Yet, with all this—believe it or not—

I still haven't fully answered your question. . . . How you'll use more air and less gas . . . the savings on your battery . . . increased RPM . . . how carbon—the enemy of spark plugs—actually increases the efficiency of Fuel Igniters. But what I've tried to say is that the spark plug is as inferior to the Fuel Igniter as the wagon is to the modern automobile. And just as out-dated. Auto mechanics know this now. The ordinary motorist is learning about it fast."

"One last question: What about Detroit, Col. Dollenberg? Do you feel you're fighting a crusade?"

Dollenberg looked out of the window, out into the dusk of the city. There was a reflective quietness about him as he thought of his reply. Then he said: "No, we don't believe we're fighting the big spark plug manufacturers. Oh, there's bound to be a competitive fight soon because it's a matter of only a short time before these giants will all scrap their investments in the obsolete spark plug and turn to the manufacture of fuel igniters. Meanwhile—to put it quite candidly—there is, of course, that huge investment in stocks of spark plugs to liquidate and while the big fellows are attempting to unload, LECTRA will be booming along." The grin came out again as he said: "I hope they take their time about it. At the rate we're going we'll be big enough to take care of ourselves shortly."

I got up to go, convinced that Dollenberg's quiet confidence was well-founded. The product and the man were right for each other. Here's an incident which impressed me. A short time ago, LECTRA ran a mail order advertisement in the sober New York Times. One of the replies they got was from a gentleman in Pennsylvania who put it to LECTRA right on the line. Said the Pennsylvania man:

"I've read your ad in the New York Times. What I want you to do before I order a set is for you to send me a copy of that ad through the United States mails. Then if your Fuel Igniters won't come through with all those fancy promises—and if you don't send my money back if they don't perform as you say—I'll have Uncle Sam on my side while I go after you." The hard-bitten Pennsylvania man was sent the ad through the mails, all right. And he ordered a set of Fuel Igniters. LECTRA wasn't fearful that Uncle Sam would be after them. Because—and here was the kicker—Uncle is a LECTRA customer! A large U. S. Government agency, after field-testing 5,000 Fuel Igniters ordered 25,000 to replace every spark plug in a fleet of 3,000 key vehicles!

So that's the story of The Big Fat Flame. I'm leaving a little space for a message from Col. Dollenberg. Meanwhile I'm on my way outside to the garage with my set of Fuel Igniters. I can't wait to get rid of those spark plugs!

This article has been presented both as an advertisement for the Lectra Fuel Igniter and as a public service. Especially do I wish to emphasize the words public service. It is flattering to be imitated, it is said, but since the invention of the Lectra Fuel Igniter, there have appeared so-called "imitations" which have failed to perform as promised.

We state, flatly and sincerely, that we can back every claim that appears in Mr. Mayer's story. Please look very carefully at the table which follows. It has been prepared from the research of one of the nation's leading Consumer Surveys:

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE—LECTRA FUEL IGNITERS

NOTE—All Lectra-equipped cars in these tests used REGULAR GAS
(Compiled from Consumer Reports and Field Tests)

YEAR	Make of Car	Spark Plug Miles Per Gallon	Lectra Fuel Igniters Miles Per Gallon	Miles Increase	(Gain) Extra Miles Per Gallon
1956	Chevrolet V8	17.7	22.2	24%	4.5
1955	Nash Rambler	20.0	27.6	38%	7.6
1954	Plymouth 6	22.2	26.0	17%	3.8
1955	Ford Fairlane	14.0	21.2	50%	7.2
1957	Chrysler Windsor	16.5	21.0	20%	3.5
1954	Oldsmobile 98	15.5	18.0	14%	2.5
1957	Dodge D-500	16.0	21.5	35%	5.5
1951	Buick Super	13.0	17.0	22%	4.0
1956	Plymouth V-8	16.0	20.0	25%	4.0
1955	Oldsmobile 98 (air-conditioned)	15.0	20.9	40%	6.0

All above figures confirmed by letters and reports available from our files in New York City.

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She'd been thinking for some time that if she had \$50,000 she would quit. Invest in—oh, a small hotel, a shop, a motor court, something respectable. No one would ever suspect where she'd got it; she'd never let herself get hard or coarse. Fifty thousand and something over—she'd always wanted mink . . . Two years in the Islands and she'd have it made, and no one would ever know how.

"Let's go," Luisita told Chuckie.

THE STREET was a shabby one of cheap hotels, bars, cafes, tattoo parlors, chop suey joints, barber shops—a tawdry urban clutter similar to any large city's Skid Row. Carrying her luggage, to a doorway beneath an unlighted neon sign, LONE STAR ROOMS. At the top of narrow stairs a peephole clicked open, shut, and the heavy door swung open.

Kathryn Divoll's square face was impassive beneath the perfect waves of her blued hair. Her wide thin-lipped mouth was grim. "Come on." She led Luisita down a corridor of closed doors to a small office, motioned her to a chair, seated herself behind a tidy desk. The minute you booked into the Islands to work, you booked into the System. This is an island, full of servicemen and gook field hands, very few of whom have their own women. To prevent their chasing other men's wives and daughters into the bushes, a few of us are allowed to furnish rental women for them. The nice people who demand this protection are too nice to allow the rental women to contaminate them by appearing in their nice places. Also it's unfortunately true that a publicly drunken whore can create scenes that would embarrass a hyena.

"Anyway, if you stay here you'll have to obey the nice people's rules. Because I intend to remain in business, I'll enforce those rules. If I fail, the police will take over. If you think that you're the exception who can buck the System and get away with it, you're wrong. So wrong that I'll let you work only until you've made enough for your passage back State-side, then ship you out on the first boat. On the other hand—"

"I have the money for my passage back," said Luisita scornfully.

Kathryn Divoll gave her a narrow glance. "By God, if you have you're the first who ever did. As I started to say, behave and I'll be glad to have you stay. But you'll have to work. I don't run a clown joint. I'm here to make money."

"So am I," said Luisita. As soon as I have \$50,000 I'm quitting."

Kathryn Divoll laughed. "Fifty grand in two years. The Islands aren't quite that good. And you have to pay income tax out here, you know. As far as Uncle's concerned, you're in a legitimate business."

"No, I didn't know." She frowned thoughtfully. "I'll have to stay longer, then."

Luisita went home Tourist.

Her ship docked two days after Pearl Harbor. Immediately she hastened to book passage back to the Islands—if the war scare had funneled so many thousands of men through Oahu, actual war would bring millions; the girls would make fortunes,

fortunes. But she was not a legal resident of the Territory of Hawaii. Not even through bribery could she arrange her return to the Lone Star.

CARL ROSE from his chair. "Freshen your drink? No?" When he sat down again it was beside her on the sofa, turned half-way to face her. "You still look seventeen, Luisita. A grown-up seventeen."

"You've learned to flatter. I like it," she laughed. "You look your thirty-three, and I like that, too. You're handsomer than ever, and very much the bright young legislator who's going places. Funny; you're just the right age now. When I was a kid I thought you were too old for me."

He grinned. "Too Mex, too poor, too lots of things. I told you I'd get there. I've often wondered, if you hadn't left Mesa—well, but you did leave." He sighed and looked away. "I don't suppose you can understand this, Luisita—that I loved Marcia very much. It hit me hard when I lost her; she was sweet and gentle, the mother of my kids. And yet I never quite forgot you. I—I never quite stopped loving you."

"I can understand. I married . . . and never quite stopped loving you."

"Then we'll be married," he said very simply and took her in his arms.

All these years, she thought dizzily, and now it was here, the time when Carl was hers. She wanted him so much, so much, but not just for a night. She wanted him forever.

Shoes off, Luisita lay on the sofa, and read the *Mesa News*. She read the Business Opportunities.

A couple of days ago Mr. Lunceford at the bank had beckoned her into his office as she left the Paying window. "I've been thinking about that money of yours, Mrs. Banner. You should put it to work for you, invest it."

On his return from Washington a week later, Luisita was in residence in La Bandera Hotel—the sign still said Travelers, but *bandera* was Spanish for Banner, and \$10,000 down had made this her property, hers.

"Hi, sweets," he greeted her when she met him in the small bright lobby on the street floor. "How come you moved?"

"It's my hotel, Carl, I bought it."

"Yours!" He stared at her. "Yours?"

She led him to the three-room apartment at the back of the second floor, handy to the stairs from the private entrance on the alley. She seated him and brought him a drink. "Isn't this nice? Mrs. Chipley, the former owner, lived here, Mr. Lunceford tells me." She laughed at his expression. "Carl, don't look so stunned. I bought a hotel. I thought you'd be pleased."

"I am stunned." He gulped his drink. "Mink, hotels—I hadn't realized anybody but the well-known singers made that kind of money."

She flushed. "I saved," she said shortly. "I paid \$10,000 down. The balance is to be paid out over ten years. I hope I can make it."

"Yeah. But I'm wondering what your taking over Lil Chipley's place will do to

my political career." He looked at her bleakly. "The opposition will drool when they hear my wife—okay, my fiancée—just bought herself a half-ass whore house."

IT WAS interesting to know you could get away with some quiet cheating in this town. In case— But no, she was absolutely through with the racket. Through thinking of it, even.

She was contemplating the redecorating of her apartment when the knock came at the door. She opened it, then stood there trying to think who this big beefy blond man reminded her of.

"So it is you," he said, grinning, and walked past her into the living room to make himself at home in a large chair. "Bert Norton, Luisita. You remember good old Bert."

She swallowed a nasty taste. "Yes, I remember. What did you want to see me about?"

"Kind of a spoiled jerk in those days, wasn't I?" he grinned. "Sorry, Luisita. I came up to apologize."

"We were both young and guilty of bad judgment."

"So you took over Old Lil's joint, huh?"

She stiffened, widened blank eyes at him. "Old Lil's . . . oh, you mean the hotel. I'd forgotten poor Mrs. Chipley's name was Lillian. Yes, I've made a down payment on it. I hope I can make a go of it. I know nothing about the hotel business."

"Nothing to it. Clean beds and plenty of hot water." His gaze idly roamed the room. "And if things get slow, you can always do what Lil did, put a couple of girls in the rooms across the hall."

"Girls?"

"You mean nobody told you?" He squirmed more comfortably into his chair. "Old Lil ran a joint back East someplace. After she came here, I guess she got bored with being legit."

"Anyway, she started keeping a girl or two. Real quiet, so I let her run—I'm the fix around here now Dad's gone; nothing runs without I say so." His grin pig-slanted the fat eyes even more. "Used to pay a visit myself once in a while. I still got my key."

"I must have the lock changed," she said coldly. "Bert I'm sorry, but I've just moved in and—"

"Nobody else running in town now. I'll be lonesome for Old Lil and her girls." His laugh was suddenly high and foolish, and so was his voice. "I like to be a naughty boy sometimes."

She rose and started to open the door, but with amazing swiftness he had hoisted his bulk from the chair and was lumbering after her. He took her wrist and for an instant she knew the terror she'd known that night at the mesa. But his grip was peculiarly gentle and she turned to look into his face. His smile was puckered, like that of a child who has done wrong and smiles hopefully even as the punishing hand descends.

"Bert's a real naughty boy," he said in the high foolish voice and licked his lips. "Slap bad Bert and make him be a naughty boy."

She was puzzled but not at all afraid that this vast nasty child would hurt her.

"Wait." He dropped her wrist and lum-

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bered to a chest of drawers; it was one she would remove when she redecorated; she had not looked within it. From the top drawer he took a small notebook. "Lil's book," he crowed, "the one she kept the naughty girls' addresses in." He tossed the book back and took a whip from the drawer, hurried with it to Luisita. "Here, whip bad Bert."

She stared at the whip in her hand. It was of braided leather, with a heavy handle, shot-loaded, she thought. The thin lashes were of knotted leather; stiff and darkened with—she shuddered—with blood?

"Oh, I forgot," he said in a normal tone and thrust something else into her hand. It was a fifty-dollar bill. "That'll keep your mouth shut, you black greaser bitch."

The words hit her like a fist. She took a step toward him and slashed him across the face with the whip.

"Bad Bert," he said excitedly in the child's high voice. "Naughty Bert called the Mex bitch bad names." And she slashed at him. "Hurt Bert, hurt him," he begged happily.

He dropped to the floor and cowered, whining his pleas, "Hurt Bert, make Bert be naughty" and she beat him.

It was when his hands touched her legs and tried to pull her down to him that she almost retched with revulsion. With the whip's loaded handle she hit him once more, alongside the temple. He sagged to the floor and lay there on his face.

When after a moment he had not moved, sanity returned to her and she became afraid. Was he breathing? She could not see that he was, but she could not bear to touch him to make sure. *If he's dead*, she thought in terror... Carl would know what to do.

"Carl, come," she said thickly into the telephone. "I'm in terrible trouble."

But Bert was not dead. Within ten minutes he had stirred, groaned and sat up, groggily, and she wished she had not called Carl.

"Get dressed, you fool, and get out of here," she told him savagely.

He rose and stood rubbing his head. "Goddamn, you're thorough," he said hoarsely.

"Shut up and get out," *I wish I'd killed him*, she thought frantically, *he needs killing*.

Carl's knock came. *I'm innocent, it's all right to let him in*, she reminded herself.

"Oh, Carl, he's horrible," she cried and fled into his arms. The tears came with little difficulty. "He forced his way in and—he's insane, Carl, insane. I—I had to beat him to keep him from—"

"My God, Bert, someday you're going to get in a jam you can't get out of." Carl's voice mixed shock with caution. "You can't—"

"Aw, knock it off, Jeffries." Bert's marked face was sullen as he shrugged gingerly into his jacket. "Any time you think the pee-pul swept you into office, just start telling me what I can and can't do and see what happens. S'long, song-bird, I'll be seeing you," he said to Luisita and lumbered out the door.

"Love me," she commanded, "love me." He carried her to the bedroom.

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New Electric "WinterKing" Warms Your Car Instantly

FEATURES

- Silver Nichrome Heating Element
- Non Rust Aluminum Body
- Instant Effective Heat
- Helps Defrosting
- Helps Engine Warm-up
- Models for 6 Volt and 12 Volt Cars

Now you don't have to buy a 1959 model to get a heater that will warm you as soon as you turn the motor on. "Winter King" actually warms your car while your temperature gauge still registers cold. And, this special apparatus works entirely independent of your own car heater. No more shivering and chills waiting for the whole engine block to heat up. "Winter King" electric car heater heats the water in the heating system by electricity. Its silver nichrome coils are amazingly efficient heating elements. Your car can be the equal in comfort of the latest expensive models. Your passengers will be delighted and impressed with this most important of all car accessories. And, when your engine finally does warm up simply "switch off" Winter King and let your regular heater take over. Simple, convenient, real comfort. Very simple attachment instructions included. Complete with wires and attachment fittings at an amazingly low \$2.98.

30 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Simply install "Winter King" electric car heater and enjoy it for 30 days. If you are not delighted with the results simply return it to us and your money will be promptly refunded. Remember, if you don't begin to get heat in your car within 10 seconds — if you don't enjoy a warm, comfortable ride from the moment you get into your car & throughout the entire trip, you owe us nothing.

YOU RISK NOTHING

Guaranteed Distributors Dept. HC-6
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "Winter King" electric car heater at once. If I am not 100% delighted after 30 Day Free Trial, I may return for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose 2.98 plus 36¢ shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and postage.

Name..... 6 Volt ☐
 Address..... 12 Volt ☐

CARL TURNED on his side and slept. Luisita stared into the dark, at darkness. She did not want to marry Carl. Nor anyone, but certainly not Carl. He was weak, venal, he was Bert Norton's man. She did not want to manage a household, to budget, to stay at home, to wait upon the endless demands of children. Another woman's children or her own, it was too late, she did not want them. Other women's children spilled things and spoiled your pretty dresses; your own children would stretch and spoil your pretty body. When all you had was beauty you had to pamper it, guard it.

She'd always wanted money most, not love, and had got it. It was never that she was Mex and others were Anglo, or that men were cruel and selfish. She had always cheated to get what she wanted, and so had cheated herself most of all.

When she was dressed, she awakened Carl. "It's late, you must go."

Remembering, he frowned. "Luisita, never again get involved in a mess like that. It could ruin me." He dressed quickly, "Bert's crazy. Stay away from him."

"Yes. It's all right, Carl. I'm not going to marry you."

He jerked around from the mirror where he tied his tie. "But of course you are!"

She shook her head. "No. I would ruin your career. Someone would be bound to find out that I'm not a singer," she said evenly. "I worked in Honolulu, in Iwilei—the red light district—for nearly three years."

She listened to his heavy breathing for a while, then looked up at him. His gray eyes were round and staring, his mouth was white.

"I don't believe it," he said, believing it.

"You do," she corrected. Lifting her skirt, she showed him the green money, very legible through the sheerness of nylon. "Bert gave me that."

"God damn you," he said.

She followed to the living room where he got his coat and hat. At the door he turned. "You never fooled Bert, did you? He always knew what you are—cheap and rotten," he said huskily.

When he was gone she stood for a moment longer with her hands over her face. Rotten. Stupid Bert was the smart one. He'd known, from his own rottenness, that she was rotten. And now she knew.

Sighing, she stooped for the whip, took it to the drawer, dropped it in. She reached for Old Lil's notebook, leafed through it. There were names, telephone numbers—Los Angeles numbers.

She sat at the desk, reached for the phone, dialled Long Distance.

"Frank?" she said. "Frank, I've just taken over Old Lil Chipley's place in Mesa Gato. I could use someone nice, pretty, not too age-y . . . You can? Fine, send 'em along . . . My name? Lola. My name's Lola."

She hung up and stared at the little book. Old Lil, she thought. Old Lola.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is only a small part of the original, a great Ace Double Book, available at Ace Books, Inc., 23 West 47th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y. for 35c plus 5c mailing cost.*



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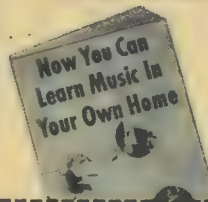
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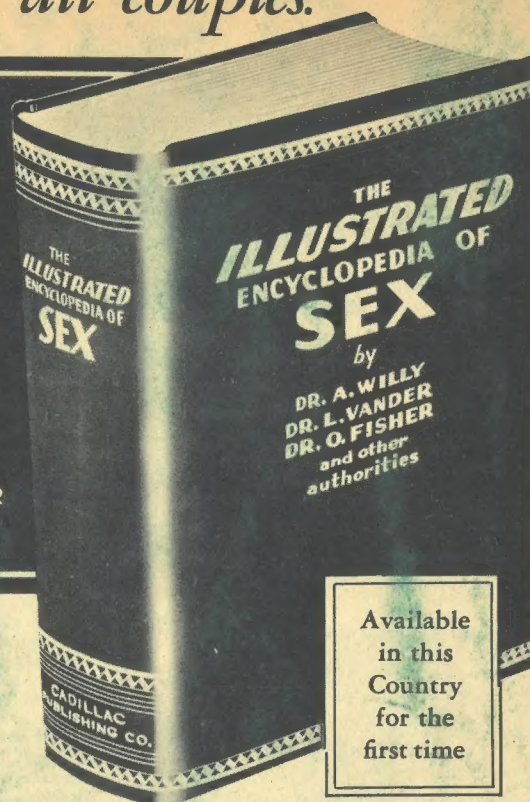
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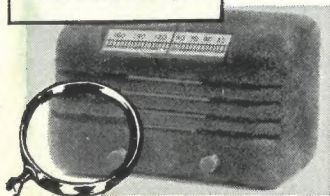
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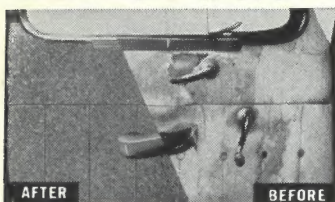


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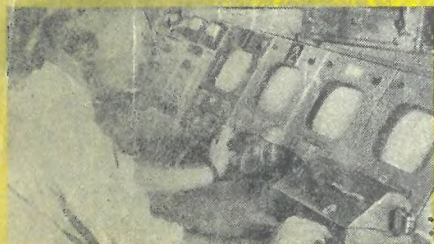
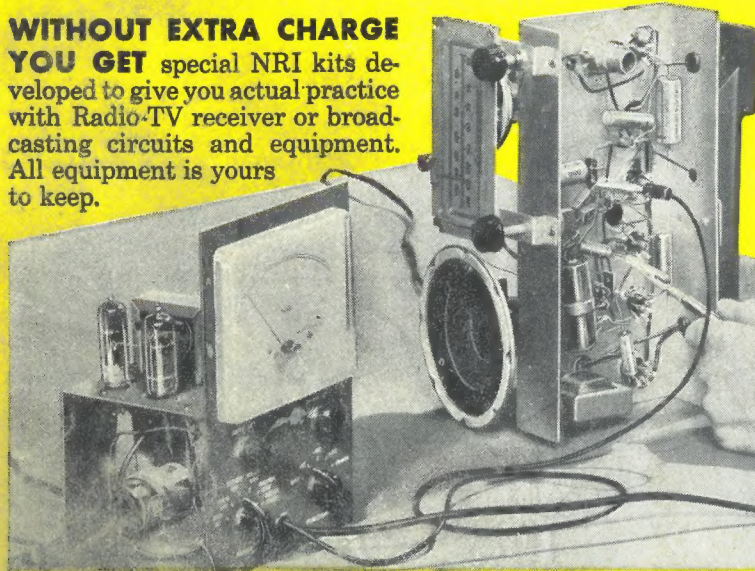
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